

Fire and Ice

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1. Chapter 1

Hiccup dismounted Toothless near the arena before walking towards it, his walk now seamless after getting used to the new prosthetic. Toothless followed behind and they both smiled and waved as Vikings passed cheerfully by. He absentmindedly wondered where they were all heading, not recalling any festivals scheduled for today. But that thought was shoved aside as an unfamiliar sound rang out from the arena. Hiccup began running to the arena as the crash died down followed closely by a short, high-pitched scream. Inside the arena, a rowdy Monstrous Nightmare was lit up in flames and cornering a shocked looking girl. She was backed into a wall when Hiccup shouted, drawing the Monstrous Nightmare's attention. He held up both hands in a calming manner as the dragon began charging towards him. The girl let out an alarmed squeak but stopped short when the dragon slowed, its flames dissipating in the air, and rested its head against Hiccup's hand.

"There ya go." He cooed, walking it slowly back to its den and locking it in. Hiccup then turned to the girl, noting she was new to the village. "What happened?"

The girl's soft features instantly crumbled with guilt, "I'm sorry, I was curious..I didn't realize..."

"It's okay," Hiccup's resolve to be tough faded and he cracked a half smile. "I get the curiosity. My name is Hiccup, you're new here?"

She nodded, pushing back some stray locks of her white bobbed hair. "Uh, yeah...I'm Igraine the Cold..." Her pale blue eyes glanced at him and then behind him. "Is that yours?"

Hiccup looked behind him to see Toothless staring at Igraine. "Yupp, that's Toothless. He's pretty friendly if your gentle." He awkwardly motioned Toothless over, wanting to show the girl there was no harm in dragons.

"He's amazing." She grinned, holding out a deathly pale hand to the sleek dragon. He slowly slunk over to her and studied her before enthusiastically nudging it with his head. "Aw," Igraine giggled before giving Toothless a good scratching.

Hiccup couldn't help but grin as his beloved pet shmoozed up to the girl, giving the young Viking teen time to study the short, petite girl. Besides being deathly pale and white haired, Igraine dressed in a long sleeved red dress that came to mid-thigh and also had on black leggings followed by fur-lined black boots. There was a fur cloak clasped around her neck but no insignia marking her tribe because she certainly wasn't from his. Her doll-like facial features were unlike any he had seen here in Berk, plus she looked about his age so he would have known her if she grew up here.

"So, everything about Berk is true then? You guys really do ride dragons?" Igraine's voice snapped him out of his thoughts and Hiccup nodded with a nervous smile.

"Uh, yeah, we do."

"And you train them yourselves?"

"Hmh," Hiccup nodded before scratching the back of his head. "All here at the Academy."

"You have an academy?!" Igraine grinned ear to ear and rushed back to Hiccup excitedly, getting unwittingly close enough to make Hiccup's cheeks burn. "Oh, I wish father would let me join, I'd love to train my own dragon!"

"Well, maybe he will?" Hiccup offered awkwardly, unable to get over the fact that a pretty girl was standing so close to him. "Who is your father anyw-"

"Hiccup!" He nearly groaned at the sound of a familiar voice and turned to see Astrid leading the gang into the arena. "Your dad's ready for the air show."

"Air show?" His confusion caused Astrid to roll her eyes.

"For the tribe coming in? Today? Now?"

"Now?" Igraine asked, her blue eyes widening in worry. "Oh no, I'm late!"

"Late?" Hiccup asked her, feeling the glare of Astrid's eyes causing chills down his back.

"I'm the daughter of Gunthrum, the chief of the Hanok tribe." Igraine said, "I'm supposed to be at the docks while Chief Stoick presented us."

Sudden realization clicked in Hiccup's brain as he recalled the

dragon air show his dad requested for the friendly tribe coming in today. "Easy fix, you can just ride there with me and Toothless."

"Really?" Igraine asked excitedly.

"Seriously?" He heard Astrid mutter under her breath.

"Yeah, you'll be perfectly safe."

"Let's go then!" She grasped Hiccup's arm and began pulling him towards Toothless, a grin lighting up her face.

Hiccup chuckled and helped her mount Toothless after he strapped in. His friends found their dragons before they all took off in a V formation, Igraine clutching to Hiccup's waist as the wind whipped her short hair about. He gave the signal over the docks and all the dragons took a nosedive down towards the water, enticing shocked murmurs from the crowd at the docks and a gleeful squeal from Igraine. They pulled up at the last minute and soared back up to the sky before breaking formation. Barf, Belch, Meatlog, and Hookfang did a few loops before landing on the outskirts of the crowd while Stormfly and Toothless began an interconnected spiral that had Igraine burying her face in Hiccup's back.

After a few more tricks, Stormfly landed with the others while Toothless made an agile landing on the dock where Hiccup's father stood next to two strangers. The tall, viking-esque man laughed as Hiccup helped Igraine off of Toothless while the slender, dark-haired woman blanched. Igraine gave Hiccup a swift hug before she pulled back and a pink blush settled on her cheeks. Hiccup returned the hug before chuckling awkwardly, his stomach doing more flips than it did up in the air. She giggled before running to her parents and giving her father a hug. Her mother's warning look stopped Igraine short and Hiccup saw something change in her face, as if she slipped on a distant mask as she stood beside her mother, as pristine as ice.

"Well done, me boy!" Stoick clapped his son on the shoulder before giving a hearty laugh and introducing the newcomers. "Lads, this is Gunthrum the Unlucky, his wife Frea the Fair, and their daughter, Igraine the Cold from the Hakon tribe. They'll be staying here for a week so make them feel welcome!" A cheerful applause rang out from the village of Berk.

An entire week? Hiccup looked at Igraine to see her already staring at him. He gave a nervous smile that she returned before Toothless turned to leave and flicked him in the head with his tail. Igraine erupted with peals of giggles that Hiccup hesitantly joined in with before their parents turned to see what was going on. Their small moment ended and Igraine returned to that distant shadow while Hiccup watched her curiously. What was she doing that for?

"You can room with us, Gunthrum." Hiccup heard his dad say as he led the guests to their home. He couldn't help feel a bit happy that him and Igraine could get some more time to hang out but it was stopped short when he met an angry Astrid's eyes.

If only things hadn't ended so complicated between him and her. They had started out fine and everything went really well up until she

started getting too confident in training the dragons. When she nearly killed herself trying to handle a Monstrous Nightmare on her own, Hiccup had to put his foot down and tell her to cool it with the risks. Astrid didn't like that and she ended it there. Of course Hiccup was sad about it but there was no point in crying over spilled yak's milk and he decided to move on. She hadn't made any attempts to fix things so he thought they were truly finished. So why was she giving him the evil glare now?

Hiccup shook his head and followed his dad home, deciding not to worry about her. His thoughts began to turn to getting to know Igraine and her family and maybe, just maybe, convincing her father in letting her learn how to train her own dragon. Seeing her face lit up with that grin of hers when she had her own dragon was reason enough to test out the idea on Gunthrum, filling Hiccup with determination as he and Toothless entered their home.

2. Chapter 2

It turned out to be harder than Hiccup thought. They spent the rest of the evening having dinner together in which Hiccup couldn't get a word in inch wise between the two men telling ol' tales about fights and such, so instead he tried talking to Igraine. But that didn't end well because he either stuttered or she was brought into a conversation with her mother that Hiccup knew nothing about. After dinner Igraine and her mother retired to bed, giving Hiccup the chance to talk to her father.

"Uh, Gunthrum, sir?" He asked as the village chief stood up from the table.

"Yes, son?" His tough features morphed into a half grin at the lad.

"I was...wondering..if it would be okay for-for Igraine to attend the academy while she's here..." Hiccup trailed off nervously.

Gunthrum scratched his blonde beard in thought. "The Dragon Academy eh? I don't see why not. But I must warn ya lad, my daughter doesn't do well with strangers. "

"I-I could give her private lessons." Hiccup offered with a nervous chuckle.

"It would get her out of her shell," his father added with a knowing smirk.

"Right you are. Can you start tomorrow morning?" Hiccup grinned ear to ear and nodded before the two men walked off, quietly talking about something Hiccup didn't pay attention to.

Igraine was going to get to train her own dragon-and he was going to help! With a spring in his step-no prosthetic pun intended-he went to his room where Toothless was waiting and told the dragon, "You up for training Igraine with me?" Toothless cocked his giant head to one side before nodding eagerly and watching Hiccup dismantle his metal leg. "What dragon would be best for her?" Hiccup wondered out loud but most of his thoughts swirled around getting to know the mysterious, pale girl. Why was she so guarded around her mother? She

seemed friendly enough when he met her, what's her problem with strangers? He honestly couldn't help it but he soon fell asleep to the thought of making her grin.

The sun woke Hiccup up bright and early the next day followed by his dad's call that breakfast was ready. He dressed in fresh clothes and put on his prosthetic before heading down stairs, catching the end of the conversation between Frea and Igraine as they also headed towards the dining table. "Remember-"

"Yes, mother, I know, I have to be careful and perfect." He could hear the bitterness dripping from Igraine's voice.

"It's for your own safety, darling."

Igraine didn't reply as they dropped the conversation and took seats at the table covered with dishes of fish and red meat. His dad and Gunthrum were there already chowing down and as he joined, the entire table took a few minutes of silence to eat. Finally, Gunthrum spoke up. "Igraine, you'll be training with Hiccup there for our stay."

"Training? For what?" Frea asked, a warning look in her green eyes. Igraine remained focused on her fish, poking at it as if she'd never seen it before.

"To 'andle her own dragon." Her father stated proudly.

"She can't, Gunthrum." There was a sharp edge to her voice that confused Hiccup. "You know that."

"She can and she will, Frea. I know my daughter." Gunthrum looked at Igraine for a moment. "That's eel, we don't eat it up north but they do here in Berk."

Igraine smiled politely at him but this smile didn't light up her face like Hiccup preferred. He leaned over and whispered, "I wouldn't eat it, even the dragons won't and they eat nearly anything." That brought a bit of genuine laughter to her before she composed herself. "Well, ready to go, Igraine?" He asked a bit louder, tossing a bit of cod to a hungry looking Toothless as he stood.

"Yupp," Igraine said quietly, hurrying to follow him out the door before her mother could protest more. "Thanks for saving me back there." Her voice was hushed, polite; it matched her smile.

"No problem." Hiccup started walking toward the arena. "So are you happy that I convinced your dad to let you have your own dragon?"

"Wait," she stopped walking and he turned to her questioningly. "you did that?" He nodded, unsure what she was feeling. Hiccup received his answer as she swiftly pulled him into a tight hug, real happiness filling her voice. "Thank you, Hiccup. Thank you."

"Why are you thanking me?"

"Well..." She began walking again, her wispy hair lifting a bit in the wind. "I've always been a sheltered child. Frea keeps me under lock and key to keep me safe but all I've wanted to do

is..."

"Stretch your wings?" Hiccup offered, knowing full well about the lonely, trapped feeling she must have adopted through her life. Igraine glanced at him with a smirk while nodding. "Yeah, I know the feeling."

They reached the arena and Hiccup told her to wait while he gathered together the things he would need. This first lesson was going to be about the average dragons and how to calm them; maybe she could figure out which dragon she'd want too. A Terrible Terror waddled over to her while Hiccup was getting ready. The dragon sniffed at her before Igraine began to ease down to her knees and scratched its chin, winning it's affections almost instantly. Hiccup glanced over when Toothless nudged him, grinning.

"That's a Terrible Terror, a small dragon but one of the most dangerous."

"Why?"

"They're so small that they can burrow into a Viking's home." Hiccup said when he returned. She picked up the Terrible Terror and it cuddled against her before hopping off. "Come on, you have a long day of dragons ahead."

And so they began, first with a Grunkle then a Hideous Zippleback. She was doing very well in retaining information and Hiccup admired how easily the dragons took a liking to her. She was a natural! They finished out the day with Night Furys, more specifically Toothless. He was reciting the dragon's states as Igraine walked around Toothless, studying him as if studying a piece of art, occasionally brushing his scales much to his delight.

"Can...Can we go flying again?" Her soft voice interrupted Hiccup and he turned to see Igraine's blue eyes watching him, making his cheeks warm.

He couldn't help but say yes and soon enough she was bouncing on the balls of her feet as Hiccup readied Toothless before helping her on. He followed suit and hooked in his prosthetic leg to the saddle. They took off just as the sun was beginning to set, making this ride much more magical to Igraine. She held onto Hiccup's waist loosely as Toothless soared above the tree tops and then over the ocean, dropping close to the water. Hiccup reached down and took one of Igraine's pale hand, guiding her to the ocean. She let out a little giggle when her fingers broke the surface of the icy waters and Hiccup gave her a grin. There was a silent moment when their eyes met in which something warm and comforting passed between the two.

They righted as Toothless rose steadily back into the sky, the moment slowly fading much to both's dismay. "You told me Night Fury's can fly really fast...How fast can Toothless go?"

"Hold on." Was all Hiccup said as he grinned and patted Toothless's head. Toothless took the hint, gaining speed until Igraine was clutching to Hiccup and screaming in glee. Hiccup laughed and led Toothless through tricks and tricks until he leveled and slowed them out, letting Igraine relax for a bit.

"This is amazing, thank you so much Hiccup." He didn't have to turn to see the smile on her face, it was in her voice. "You're welcome." There was a comfortable silence before Hiccup's curiosity got the better of him. "Your dad said you didn't do well with strangers...but you seem fine with me. Why?"

"Well..." She took a breath, relaxing her grip on Hiccup's waist. "I dunno. It's just my mother rarely lets me hang out with kids my age so I don't feel as if I fit in. But with you, I...I feel as if you understand and everything just comes so easily. It's kinda like how I feel around my dad, actually."

"Why does your mother act like your breakable?"

"It's a long story." She sighed.

"We have time, still an hour before supper." Hiccup pressed, wanting to know.

Igraine gave a small chuckle before speaking, "Before I was born my mother was warned by a seer that if I arrived on a Blue Moon then I was either to suffer with a horrible fate or be destined for wondrous things. She took precautions to the extreme and now rarely lets me out of her sight. Dad on the other hand likes to break me out of jail every now and then, giving me hope that despite the witch's predication its myself that determines my fate."

Hiccup let that sink in for a moment when something occurred to him. "Why did your mother know a seer?"

"Oh, she's one herself. Though she never really tells people." Igraine hesitated for a moment. "She's secretly sending me to train with a seior...You won't tell anyone will you?"

"Not a soul." Hiccup promised, feeling the sudden urge to give her hand a squeeze. It was a strange thing to know his new friend was practicing sorcery. "Come on Toothless, let's go home."

3. Chapter 3

The night passed with Hiccup and Igraine quietly talking over dinner and then retiring to bed, but Hiccup couldn't sleep. His brain was focused on this new found information of Igraine; sorcery was no laughing matter. She seemed like an able person to handle it though, he countered, suddenly wanting to give her the benefit of the doubt. There was something about her that Hiccup couldn't shake, maybe it was that he saw a bit of himself in her? Or was it just the way that she seemed so inviting and inquisitive?

Hiccup thought it was both but either way, he couldn't get that serene look she had on her face during the dragon ride out of his head, even as he lay tossing and turning in bed. Toothless occasionally touched him with his tail, wondering if he was okay. "I'm fine, Toothless, just can't sleep." With a sigh, Hiccup reattached his prosthetic leg before walking down to the main hall, thinking of sitting by the fire. He was surprised to see a small form in front of the already glowing embers as he approached.

Igraine turned upon his approach and Hiccup realized she was dressed

in a long black gown. Her eyebrows rose in surprise but a smile played on her pink lips. "Hiccup, what are you doing up?"

"I couldn't sleep." He replied before joining her on the ground in front of the fire. "What about you, Igraine?"

"I'm paying my respects to Skadi. She's my patron." She noticed the confused look on Hiccup's cute face and giggled. "In sorcery, you choose a patron god or goddess. Skadi is mine since she saved my life."

"How did she save your life?" Hiccup asked.

"I was a still-born." There was a small pause before the pristine Igraine smiled softly, her skin nearly glowing in the light of the fire. Not that Hiccup noticed that, of course! "My mother told her midwife to take me outside during a fierce blizzard. I laid in the snow until the sun rose and when the midwife was told to fetch me, I was giggling and trying to catch snowflakes."

"So Skadi gave you life..." Hiccup let that sink in before he smiled at her, "I'm glad she did."

Igraine blushed before tucking her short hair behind her ear. "Thank you...Um, I should go to bed. See you in the morning, Hiccup." She began to get up but hesitated, looking at Hiccup and chewing on her lip nervously. After a moment, she hurriedly leaned towards him and kissed him gently on the cheek before heading back upstairs just as quickly. "Thank you for everything, Hiccup." Igraine said softly as she climbed the last stairs.

Hiccup's hand slowly touched the cheek she kissed as his neck grew hot. His stomach was doing flips while he stood up, wondering if this was a sign she felt the same way he did. Just how did he feel though? It should have been obvious to him based on the giant grin on his face but the realization that he liked Igraine never hit him and he returned to bed in a dreamy sort of state. Toothless cocked his head in question to which Hiccup merely patted his head, saying "She likes me...." He fell back on his bed and soon drifted off into sleep where dreams of dragons and a certain pale girl awaited him.

In the morning, Hiccup was awoken again by his father's yelling that breakfast was ready. This time, he didn't encounter Frea of Igraine on the stairs and instead found them sitting at the table already. He took the seat next to Igraine, who was dressed in a red tunic, white skirt with fur trim, and white tights with her normal black boots, and they shared a smile before digging in to their fishy breakfast. The conversation of the table was more interesting than yesterday's when Hiccup finally registered what the three adults were chatting on about.

"So, I 'ear your little girl is turning 15 next week." Stoick grinned at Gunthrum before munching on a leg of mutton.

"That she is! She's excited to come to age, aren't ya, Igraine?" Gunthrum patted his daughter on the back and she giggled a bit nervously.

"Doesn't that mean her betrothal is due to happen?" His dad's question shocked him. Betrothal?

"Yes, we are still planning the ceremony." Frea answered calmly.

"Has she picked out the competition yet?" Stoick looked to the girl in question for a response.

Igraine glanced at the confused Hiccup in embarrassment before replying in a hushed voice, "No, I haven't..."

"She has some ideas though. Go on, tell him." Her mother encouraged.

"Well...I-I was thinking of having a sort of scavenger hunt that determines if they have qualities I want..."

"That's a smart idea." Hiccup's gruff father nodded in appreciation. "How is dragon training going?"

Igraine looked at Hiccup in a pleading sort of way and he quickly answered, "Great, she's a natural. I'm thinking of letting her pick out her own dragon today."

"Really?" Igraine asked excitedly, all awkwardness and embarrassment fading with the prospect of dragons.

"Well, don't let us keep you, go." Frea smiled though the worry in her eyes was obvious.

Igraine grinned ear to ear and grabbed Hiccup's hand, nearly dragging him out the door with an amused Toothless following behind. She was nearly jumping up and down all the way to the arena but stopped short when she noticed that it wasn't empty like before. Hiccup nearly ran into her but stopped just in time, stepping around her to see why the excitement was gone. In the middle of the arena was his friends and an annoyed looking Astrid. "Uh, hey, guys." Hiccup smiled sheepishly at them who in turn stared at the cornered Igraine.

"What's she doing here?" Astrid asked, crossing her arms.

"Well, I-I'm giving her dragon lessons." He motioned Igraine forward. "Igraine, these are my friends. That's Tuffnut and Ruffnut, Fishlegs, Snotlout, aaand Astrid."

Igraine nodded, "Nice to meet you..."

"Pleasure is all mine." Snotlout waggled his eyebrows, causing Igraine to blush and Hiccup to roll his eyes in annoyance.

"Easy, Snotlout, this one looks wimpy." Astrid said under her breath while she eyed the scared looking Igraine.

Hiccup gave Astrid a warning looking as Igraine's face fell in hurt. The others laughed, easily falling back into the bully routine. Fishlegs didn't join in and looked uncomfortable, causing Hiccup to give him a grateful look. "Hey, guys, she's a guest so be nice. Is there something you need?"

"Nope, just wondering when we can get our friend back." Astrid said, feigning nonchalance.

"I haven't gone anywhere."

"Really? Then where were you yesterday when we were supposed to hang?" Her eyes narrowed.

Hiccup was momentarily dumbfounded as he tried to recall any plans they had made. "I was teaching Igraine, here. You guys could've joined us."

"We didn't want to interrupt." Astrid nearly hissed. Behind her, Snotlout looked smug, the twins glanced uneasily at each other, and Fishlegs was looking apologetic.

"Astrid what's your problem?" Hiccup pressed, bristling in response to Astrid's temper.

She responded and soon enough, the pair was squaring off, dangerously close and glaring. "You're ditching us for this-this loser!"

"If you don't recall, I was a loser too." Hiccup's voice was quiet but hard as steel.

Astrid's fumed, "But you're not, she's-"

"What? Weak, clumsy, different?_ So was I, Astrid. You all bullied me because I didn't fit in, and now you're bullying her too? Why, because your jealous?" Hiccup instantly regretted his words as Astrid's fist went into the air. He squeezed his eyes shut but she never hit him and Hiccup slowly opened his eyes, suddenly realizing why Astrid didn't punch him and why there was a thick tension now hanging in the air.

4. Chapter 4

Hiccup slowly opened his eyes to see Astrid's clenched fist frozen in midair, the air shimmering in hues of pale blue. Her usually tough face was wide with shock and confusion as she tried moving her hand to no avail and everyone was left confused. That is, until Astrid caught sight of the glaring Igraine with her hand held palm-up towards the viking girl. Hiccup never thought he would ever see Igraine mad but at the moment, she looked absolutely cold and terrifying.

"Don't touch him."

"What the hell is this?!" Astrid shouted, struggling once again against the nearly invisible force field around her fist.

Igraine's icy eyes narrowed. "I am not weak, girl, and I won't let you hurt my friend."

"Ha! You have no right to call him your friend, seior." Astrid spat. "Do you even know his full name?"

For a moment, Hiccup could see the hesitation in Igraine's eyes but he spoke up while backing away from the frozen fist. "Friendship doesn't matter on how much the people know about each other, it's about how much they're willing to stand up for each other. Igraine,

you can stop now."

There was a tense moment in which Astrid and Igraine had a staring stand off before the shimmering orb around her fist faded and Astrid righted her stance. Astrid instantly bristled and squared off with Igraine instead. Despite Astrid being a good inch taller and more muscular, Igraine met her furious gaze calmly though Hiccup just knew there was a dangerous type of anger seething beneath the false exterior. His friends all looked at each other worriedly and Hiccup himself was at a loss of what to do. He couldn't stop the fight, that would involve hitting Astrid and Hiccup didn't enjoy hitting girls, particularly stronger girls.

"You have no business here, you should just leave." Astrid gritted her teeth. "Seiors like you aren't welcome here. Freak." Igraine's anger melded into hurt and she glanced over at Hiccup but Astrid piped in before he could say anything. "Don't expect him to defend you, he hates them too. Seiors are nothing but unwanted crazy vikings with no place that they fit in, so just leave. You'd be doing Hiccup a favor that way he could stop pretending to like you."

"That's not-Igraine!" Hiccup watched in devastation as Igraine fled from the arena with tears in her eyes but it was soon replaced by anger and he rounded on Astrid. "Why on earth would you say things like that Astrid?!"

"Because, she's a seior!"

"Is that really the reason?" He said doubtfully. "You just hurt an already outcasted girl because of your petty and unreasonable jealousy. Great job, Astrid. You know, I thought you of all people would understand at least a shred of what she feels. After all, you were the first one to stop bullying me." He knew his words would sting but at the moment, Hiccup didn't care. It was down right wrong what she was doing and the look in Astrid's eyes was worth it. Sparing the gang one more glance, Hiccup quickly followed Igraine's trail outside.

Toothless followed nervously behind him until the found Igraine sitting on the roof of his house. Hiccup rode Toothless to the top instead of climbing and noticed her head buried in the knees she had pulled up to her chest while her shoulders shook with quiet sobs. Dragon and teenager shared a glance before Hiccup quietly sat down next to her, patting her back in an unsure manner. Igraine stiffened for a moment before relaxing, her head slowly lifting to look at him. The tears trailing down her smooth cheeks left glistening tracks and Hiccup instinctively brushed some away with his thumb.

"...I-I don't like her." Igraine breathed out before leaning into Hiccup's side.

"She isn't usually like this." I offered lamely then sighed. "My name is Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the third, by the way."

That earned him a small smile for the saddened girl. "Nice name." There was a small pause between the two before she asked, "Do you really hate seiors?"

"No, not at all. We just never had one in our village so people can get weary." Hiccup shrugged, careful not to disturb Igraine's head

resting on his right shoulder. "I actually think it's pretty amazing, I mean you-you did just save me from a..black eye and all..." He silently cursed himself for getting so nervous all of the sudden.

"It's nothing really, just a simple shield." Igraine blushed with a satisfied smile. "Do you have anything worth knowing? Besides, you know, the whole dragon trainer bit."

Hiccup looked up at the cloudy, darkened sky and thought out loud. "Nothing really, I've always been the runt I guess...My mom died when I was young, snatched up by a dragon, but that isn't really note worthy."

"I'm sorry for your loss." Igraine said quietly.

"Thank you." Hiccup watched the dark clouds move across the sky for a minute, listening to Igraine's quiet breathing. "I like to draw and sketch."

"Is it true that...Nevermind."

"No, go on and ask. I'm an open book." Hiccup smiled a bit though his eyebrows furrowed at her unasked question.

"Well, there are rumors that you made Toothless's wing and that...after the big dragon fight you two became the same. And I-I know that you lost your leg and all-gods that sounded so unsympathetic. I just meant th-that I was just wo-wondering if you made them and I didn't mean to sound so mean or-or anything I just-"

"Igraine," Hiccup laughed, pulling on her chin gently until they were mere inches apart. "I understand, no harm done. And yeah, I built the wing contraption myself as well as updating my leg." His grin slowly faded when he realized just how close they were. He felt his face warm up and couldn't help but notice the bright blush on her face as they both stared at each other. Her crystal blue eyes seemed to take away all of his thoughts; he didn't even notice when they slowly started bridging the gap between them.

He could feel her cool, sweet breath on his face as her eyes, as well as his, drifted to a close. Their lips brushed and for a brief moment, Hiccup wanted nothing more than to kiss Igraine, but that didn't happen. A roll of thunder crashed, causing Igraine to jump back and Hiccup looked up at the sky just as rain began pelting down on them.

"The clouds are coming from the north...Hanok was just hit, I hope everyone is alright." Igraine said over the storm before getting to her feet.

Hiccup stood as well, "I'm sure they are, it looks like it's just rain." Why did he have to jinx himself? At that precise moment, lightning lit up the sky followed closely by screams as something nearly indecipherable zipped through the village, smashing buildings before flying back up to the sky.

"What is that?!" Igraine shrieked, wind whipping her hair about.

"Stay here." Hiccup ordered as he mounted an anxious looking Toothless.

Igraine looked terrified. "But if I stay here, it might attack this place next."

She had a valid point and he didn't want anything to hurt her. With a sigh, he helped her on behind him before Toothless took off into the storm, trying to find the rogue dragon.

5. Chapter 5

Igraine clutched tightly to Hiccup as he carefully watched the storm, praying he was wrong. Lighting flashed and another dragon zipped passed them, riding the lightning bolt. He dropped Toothless to avoid the electricity, dread filling his chest. "We've got a rogue skrill, Igraine. I'm dropping you back off with your parents."

"No, I want to help." Igraine pressed. Her head turned to follow the electrified dragon as he swooped down towards Toothless.

"Hold on!" Hiccup nudged Toothless in his side and Toothless flew faster, beginning a deadly race between the Skrill and him. If the Skrill got too close, they'd all get that wasn't enough pressure on Hiccup's flying skills, Igraine was with him which made everything worse. He couldn't let her get hurt. What if this was her horrible fate? Stop thinking like that! He yelled at himself.

"Lead him away from the village!" Igraine yelled over the wind.

Hiccup nodded and steered Toothless away from Berk only to hear Igraine groan. He turned to see the large silhouette of Skrill heading toward his house. Hiccup wanted nothing more than to growl in frustration but he reigned in his anger while doubling back to chase the dragon. "Now what." He muttered to himself.

"Get me to the roof."

"What?" He sent Igraine a bewildered look which was met with a pleading one.

"Trust me, please?" Hiccup studied her for a minute. "I promise I'll be safe." With a sigh, Hiccup nodded and maneuvered Toothless to the roof of the house just as the Skrill was approaching, lit up in blue lightning.

Igraine hopped off of Toothless when the Skrill roared, crashing onto the roof. Hiccup held his breath while Igraine slowly approached the angry, spiky dragon with her hand held up. The Skrill roared, blowing Igraine's hair back but she didn't back down and continued moving forward, causing the dragon to momentarily pause in wonder. "Easy, boy." Hiccup heard her mutter. The Skrill studied her with its reptilian eyes before moving its head towards her hand. Everything was going well until a blast of fire soared past them, scaring the Skrill into a deafening roar before it took off, opening its giant mouth as it summoned electricity. "No!"

"Igraine!" Hiccup shouted as Igraine grabbed hold of the Skrill's claw as it flew steadily up into the stormy sky. "Come on, Toothless!"

They followed the Skrill with Igraine dangling, probably hanging on for dear life as it flew faster. Out of the corner of his eyes he could see the rest of his gang join them in pursuit but his focus remained on the small figure of Igraine. She seemed to be swinging back and forth, making Hiccup think she was about to fall until she flipped over the Skrill, grabbed on to a spike on its back, and stood on the dangerous purple dragon. His jaw went slack when he realized the feat she had just accomplished but his awe stopped short when lightning struck. The Skrill headed towards it until its entire body was lit with the blue cackling electricity. Igraine would be fried!

Wait, was that her? Hiccup nudged Toothless's side and they sped up until he could see Igraine against the blue glow of the dragon still standing and making her way towards the Skrill's head frill. The electricity seemed to dance around her, never touching her, giving Hiccup a minute to breath. Igraine reached the head of the Skrill just as Astrid yelled, "What is she doing?!" Igraine looked back, a wicked smile lighting up her face, then grabbed hold of the Skrill's middle spike, murmuring something to it.

The Skrill let out a small cry before it descended towards the ground slowly. Relief washed over Hiccup and Toothless followed without any complaint, gently landing next to the scared looking Skrill. Igraine hopped off with a small smile, petting the Skrill's forehead. "There's a good boy, you aren't mean at all. Something just spooked ya didn't it?" The Skrill let out a small whimper in response, coddling up to Igraine's hand.

"Wow, that was amazing, Igraine." Hiccup complimented as he approached, earning a low growl from the Skrill. Toothless tensed beside him but Hiccup mearly held up his hands in surrender to the big dragon.

"He's a friend, Sparky." Igraine said quietly, shooting Hiccup a grin. "I couldn't have done it without your teaching yesterday."

Hiccup opened his mouth to say something but was interrupted by an anger Astrid. "How did you do that?!"

Sparky growled at the threat but Igraine merely raised an eyebrow, no longer finding Astrid as intimidating. "Do what?"

"Not get fried!" Ruffnut and Tuffnut both nodded in agreement but the gang looked more awed than angry.

"Being a seior has it's perks." Igraine smirked before looking at Hiccup. "Can I keep him?"

Hiccup looked at the dangerous looking Skrill and then back to Igraine. They looked like total opposites, dark and light, but there was something in the way Sparky curled its spiky tail carefully around her that told Hiccup this was her dragon. "Sure."

"Thank you." Igraine's face broke out into a bright grin before she

stepped over Sparky's tail and gave Hiccup one of her signature hugs he seemed to be so fond of.

He could honestly feel the hate radiating off of Astrid but he returned Igraine's hug, suddenly recalling what almost happened before the dragon attacked. His cheeks warmed up and he could tell by her blush that she remembered too. Luckily they were both saved any awkwardness when Frea and Gunthrum ran up to their daughter, checking her over to make sure nothing was hurt. "Lass, are you okay?" Her dad asked.

"I'm fine, really I am." Igraine promised. "Hey!" She let out a laugh as her dad put her on his shoulder.

"Oh, I'm so proud of you!" He gave a hearty laugh.

"As you should be." Hiccup smiled politely at Frea who still looked worried. "The Skrill is a nearly untrainable dragon as dangerous as the Night Fury."

Her mother looked shocked and then smiled up at Igraine. "Great job, my dear."

"Thanks." Igraine smiled sheepishly as her dad put her down and the gang of friends surrounded her, shooting awed question after question. She glanced over at Hiccup who gave her an encouraging smile before she began talking to them, soon winning over their friendship.

Astrid grumbled before stalking off, making Hiccup feel a bit guilty. He shook it off, knowing sooner or later she'd drop the jealous-fueled hate and apologize, but until then Hiccup was just happy Igraine was making friends and found her dragon. The group and their dragons headed back towards the village and Igraine dropped back a bit to talk to Hiccup. "Hey, um..." It looked like she changed her mind mid sentence and went on quickly, "something spooked Sparky so maybe after I give him some training, we can scour nearby islands to find out if it was anything bad?"

"Y-yeah, that sounds fine." He replied uneasily, wondering if their almost kiss would affect their friendship. Hiccup received his answer when they could barely make eye contact at dinner without blushing. That night, he could barely sleep as he kept replaying the scene in his mind, the thoughts causing his stomach to churn with nervousness yet it produced an odd tingly sensation that Hiccup decided he liked. Just what was he to do?

6. Chapter 6

Igraine couldn't sleep that night-well, she rarely could but this night was even worse. Her entire body seemed electrified with energy, energy that was screaming for an outlet, any outlet. So instead of going to bed when they all retired, Igraine snuck out to the arena where they were temporarily housing her new dragon, Sparky. The dragon looked up from it's curled up spot to see her approach, a welcoming purr blossoming in its throat. She smiled, marveling in Sparky's silver-purple scales in the moonlight, before sitting next to him and leaning against his flank. Sparky wrapped his tail carefully around her before resting his head down once more.

"Good boy, Sparky." Igraine cooed, petting his neck gently. After a minute, Igraine pulled out her 'borrowed' dragon's manual and turned to the Skrill page. The drawing there looked identical to Sparky; a large dragon with a head frill made of spikes similar to the ones lining it's back, a long tail covered in spikes, and bat-like wings with a claw at the tip. She mused it was used in replace of front paws, which the Skrill lacked.

"It says here that you like to ride lightning bolts. That explains today." Her giggle broke the silence in the arena and Sparky seemed to give a growly laugh with her. "Your spikes are sharp. Boy, don't I know that, I had to use a shield after the first one cut me." She looked affectionately at the bandage around her right hand. "Aaand you're the second most intelligent and fastest dragon. First in my opinion."

Sparky gaze her an affectionate head nuzzle before Igraine closed the book and looked up at the full moon. "You know, you interrupted something with your ruckus." Sparky let out an apologetic whine. "Oh, I'm not mad! But...You know the viking with the Night Fury? Messy brown hair, greenish hazel eyes, scrawny, but the cute kind of scrawny?" Sparky nodded. "Well, he was going to kiss me-I think he was going to kiss me-I mean, we were about to and all..."

Her voice trailed off and Sparky cocked his head in question. "Then you attacked the village. And now I don't know how to act around him. Do I flirt-I wouldn't mind flirting, but does he like me? He should, he was gunna kiss me-at least, I think so. But what if he doesn't like me back and he was just caught up in the moment-that happens right? And do I even like him? What am I saying, of course I do; how else to you explain that feeling I get around him."

"Raarr?" Sparky mumbled.

"It's like...like the weird feeling I get in my stomach when I fly. I get it all the time around him and I get so nervous. I don't want to embarrass myself around him but at the same time, I feel like he doesn't care, that I can be me around him." Igraine groaned and cuddled up to her dragon. "Does he like me back? Oh, he probably doesn't-I mean, the girl, Astrid with the Deadly Nadder said he was just pretending and that I was a freak...What if she's right?"

Sparky growled, his purple eyes narrowing. Igraine giggled and held up her hands, "Alright, alright, she's wrong. But that still doesn't mean he likes me. I guess I should just let things play out right?" Sparky nodded. "Right. So, I can't sleep, is there anything you wanna do? No?" She pursed her lips then stood up, carefully stepping over his tail until she was a few feet away from him. "Mind if I try something? Stay still and when I give you the cue, summon your lightning."

The dragon nodded, watching Igraine curiously as she closed her eyes. Recalling her years of training, Igraine steadied her breathing and reigned in her bubbling energy, creating a sense of focus. That was what all magic was, energy given a purpose, and Igraine visualized what she wanted to accomplish. Once she was satisfied with her amount of focus, she slowly raised her palm towards Sparky and opened her eyes, giving him a nod. Sparky's mouth opened and he blew out a bolt

of blue lightning toward her.

The electricity didn't fry here and instead it seemed to ball up in front of her palm, cackling quietly with energy. A grin slowly spread of Igraine's face as she pulled her hand back towards her, moving the ball of lightning with her, before she tossed it above her head. The ball broke up, showering her with blue sparks before the faded into the air, leaving Igraine feeling exhilarated and a bit tired.

"Sparky, do you know what this means?!"

"Raarr!" Sparky growled excitedly.

"Exactly! We can combine our powers and be nearly unstoppable! This is great." She gave her new dragon a tight hug around his neck before yawning. In response, Sparky curled back up, letting Igraine cuddle up to his flank and she slowly drifted to sleep with Sparky's wing draped protectively over her, keeping her warm as the night melted into day.

**Author's Note: I know, it's a short chapter-but don't hate me, I'll update later today too! I just wanted to thank all my readers, followers, and favorites! It's you guys that keep me writing. I'd also like to thank those of you that have left me a review, they really get me motivated to give you guys another chapter. At any rate, I also have a few questions for you guys: First, is it snuck or sneaked? My research said either or, so which do you prefer? Second, what P.O.V should the next chapter be in; Igraine's or Hiccup's? Third, what do you think of Igraine? Is she Hiccup worthy or do you want Astrid to win his heart back? Before I go, I'd like to ask that you please continue following, favoriting, and reviewing my story (I'm gunna start a Teen Titans one soon so check out that when I have it up please?) and thank you for taking time to read this! I love you all, have an amazing day and never let anyone tell you you are not important. You are gorgeous/handsome and one of a kind. Stay you! 3
Sincerely, Alizarin. **

7. Chapter 7

That morning, Igraine wasn't at breakfast. Hiccup wondered if she was sleeping in and didn't pay any attention to it, sitting at the table as usual. He began eating his breakfast, tossing Hiccup a salmon every now and then, while the adults chatted. A sudden thought sprang into his head and he cleared his throat, "So...I had a question."

"Yes, Hiccup?" Stoick grinned at his son.

"What were you guys talking about when you mentioned a betrothal for Igraine?"

The dads glanced at each other but it was the calm woman who answered. "It is customary in the Hanok tribe for girls of age to become engaged. To select their betrothed, the girl chooses a competition for the men to compete in." She smiled politely at Hiccup. "Igraine's name day is next week and she will be 15, the age of maturity in our tribe."

"Oh..." Hiccup trailed off, unsure how to feel about this bit of news. It certainly didn't sit well with him.

"How old are you, Hiccup?" Gunthrum asked around his leg of mutton.

"I turned 15 three months ago, sir." He replied halfheartedly, oblivious to the knowing look the adults shared. "Is Igraine still sleeping?"

"I will go check." Frea stood from the table and headed up to the steps only to return a few minutes later with a worried expression. "She isn't in her room, Hiccup would you go and find her?"

Hiccup nodded before heading out the door, Toothless following in apprehension. "Wonder where she could have gone, buddy." His dragon gave him a level look and Hiccup stared at the ground in embarrassment. "Don't give me that look...If you nearly kissed a girl that you only knew for two days but it felt like your entire life, nearly watched her kill herself, and then went to back like normal, what would you do?" Toothless only purred in response. Hiccup rolled his eyes affectionately. "My point is, I think I like her. You have to admit, she's gorgeous." Hiccup's voice went a bit dreamy and Toothless watched him warily. "And sweet. And caring. And understanding." Toothless nudged his friend gently as he veered off from the path in his day dreaming. "What? Oh, right. We gotta find her first...Hey, what's the arena door doing open so early?"

The pair headed into the arena only to find a surprising sight. The massive purple dragon was curled up and sleeping soundly but what the strange thing was is that Hiccup could see a bit of white hair under one of it's wing. Sparky must have sensed their presence as he stirred a bit, lifting his head to look at Hiccup inquisitively. Hiccup smiled at him before nodding towards the visible hair. In response, Sparky pulled back his wing a bit to reveal Igraine's cute sleeping form. She was dressed in her black night gown curled up and resting against Sparky's flank, her soft mouth hanging open a bit. Hiccup couldn't help but smile endearingly; she truly was adorable when she was sleeping.

"Igraine, it's morning." Hiccup said quietly as he gently touched her back.

"Hmphm?" Igraine's eyes flutter but remained closed. She began muttering things in her sleep.

"...sparky...brilliant...eel...friends...Hiccup." Sleeping Igraine let out a wistful sigh before snuggling deeper into herself.

Hiccup's eyes widened a bit while his emotions did the opposite. His heart tightened in happiness and his lip twitched in a smile as he gently shook the dreaming girl. "Igraine."

This time her eyes did open and she rubbed at them like a cute child before yawning, stretching like a cat. "Hiccup? What are you doing in my room...Thiiis isn't my room..." Her face became red with embarrassment. "I fell asleep didn't I?"

"Yupp. There's still time to get back to the house before anyone sees you in your pjs." He grinned and she hesitantly returned it, accepting his help up. "And once your ready, we can start on training Sparky."

Her crystal eyes lit up in excitement as the four began walking towards the big house. "Oh, speaking of that, I've got something to show you. I think you're the only one who can appreciate it as much as I do." She giggled, a sound Hiccup was growing increasingly fond of.

"Then we better hurry."

It took her fifteen minutes to change out of her nightgown and soon she was descending the stairs in a pale blue, short sleeved dress with black leggins and her regular boots though this time she had on a short fur cloak and pewter wrist cuffs with a symmetrical design. She looks as beautiful as ever, Hiccup found himself thinking as he watched her come down the stairs. She met his gaze, catching him in the act of whatever embarrassing thing he had just done and he blushed. No doubt he looked like a complete idiot staring at her like that. But Igraine merely smirked which gave her appearance a warmer, happier glow.

"Ready?" Hiccup nodded and Igraine grabbed his hand, pulling him back outside only to be met with Tuffnut and Snotlout having an argument with the rest of the gang watching the spectacle.

"I'm asking her. She deserves the best." Snotlout said hotly with a smug smirk.

"And by best, you mean me." Tuffnut countered with his signature laugh.

Hiccup knew immediately what they were talking about but he wasn't prepared for the possessive feeling it created. He tried to suppress it though he knew he looked annoyed when he asked, "What's going on guys?"

The gang looked at the newcomers, everyone's eyes glancing below them before back up at the two vikings and Hiccup wondered why before pleasantly realizing Igraine never let go of his hand. In response to their surprised glances, Igraine started to pull away but Hiccup gently held her hand in place, sending her a small smile before Ruffnut answered his question. "These two were fighting over her."

Igraine's face turned red and she stuttered out, "U-um, there's no need t-to do that..."

The group laughed, even the embarrassed boys, at the nervous girl before Fishlegs asked, "What were you two doing?" He gave an obvious glance down at their hands.

"Igraine was going to show me something at the arena with Sparky."

"Can we tag along?" Ruffnut smirked. "That dragon's epic!"

"Not as epic as ours." Tuffnut pointed out. For once, the twins were in agreement.

"Um, I-I don't think.." Igraine trailed off before giving Hiccup a look that reminded him of Toothless when he was caught up in Hiccup's

trap.

What proceeded was a silent conversation between the two based entirely on the looks in their eyes. Hiccup was pleading her to trust him, she was begging to be alone. He finally gave her a look that read just for a few minutes and then we can go flying? She mauld that over, chewing on her bottom lip before consenting with a look of defeat. Hiccup gave her a grin before looking back to his very confused friends. All they had seen was Igraine and him stare at each other. "Let's go."

They began walking to the arena, the twins bickering the entire way while Fishlegs rattled off Sparky's stats. Hiccup was honestly surprised it wasn't annoying him, but then again he was more focused on the waves of panic coming off of Igraine. Guntrhum wasn't lying, she really did have a thing with people and it only made Hiccup that much more determined to get her to open up; after all, he had gone from pesky wimp to popular dragon trainer himself. He just hoped she wouldn't be as difficult as he was.

8. Chapter 8

Igraine didn't like people. At all. So when Hiccup pretty much guilt-tripped her into hanging with his buds, she was very near hyperventilating. Don't get her wrong, it isn't like she's anti-social-she even has a few friends back home! It's just after years of a sheltered life and torment at the hands of bullies, she's kind of become a recluse. Plus, trying to be friendly with people who had stood by while that blonde girl picked on her didn't help much. The confusion of their sudden change in attitude only added to Igraine's panic; she could already feel her control on her energy slipping with the amount of effort she had to use just to breath properly.

But she took a steadyng breath and steeled herself to bear with it. Hiccup had looked so hopeful when she agreed to go, how could she not try? Igraine could do this, just this once she could be around people without anything bad happening, for Hiccup. The gang made it to the arena and somehow Igraine and Sparky became the center. Why were they staring at her? Did something blow up? They needed to stop staring at her!

"So, what did you want to show us?" Hiccup probed gently.

Oh no, she couldn't show him, not with all these people! What if something went wrong? Then she'd either look like a fool or get someone hurt. A strong hand on her shoulder startled Igraine out of her thoughts and she looked up to see Hiccup's hazel eyes glinting with concern. "You okay? You don't have to, if you don't want to."

Igraine glanced around at the other viking teens to see they also had looks of concern on their faces. She didn't understand it, but for a minute she actually thought they changed. What if it was just Astrid who verbally attacked her? Could she forget that they had just stood by? Giving another look at Hiccup, Igraine decided that she could. If he could trust them, so could she.

"I'm fine, just nervous. Um, could you guys back up? I don't want

anyone to get hurt if it goes haywire..." They all backed up against the wall per her request. "Thanks."

Igraine petted Sparky's head; whether it was to calm him or her, she didn't know. "Raarh." He purred. She gave him a small smile before backing up a few feet.

"On my cue again, boy." She closed her eyes and mentally reached out to the energy she had felt last night only to come up empty. All the energy from the lightning she rode had been used up last night...It wasn't like she couldn't produce more but making energy was much more difficult than borrowing. Still, she couldn't disappoint so she steadied her breathing and slipped into a meditative state.

There was a indistinct chatter that Hiccup quickly shushed before Igraine could feel her magic working, swirling in the air around her. She pulled the raw feeling of energy from her panic and soon enough, the weight on her chest was lifted and Igraine could feel the tingling of power surge through her. Once she was satisfied she had complete control over her energy, she opened her eyes slowing, trying to ignore the curious faces in the corner of her eye and held up her palm to Sparky. Her dragon watched her, opened his mouth, and began producing electricity. She gave a curt nod and Sparky fired it at her.

"Igraine!" The gang jumped into action, all of them barreling towards her but they stopped short as the blue electricity swirled into a ball-like shape in front of her hand. "Wow..."

The blue glow reflected on her face and she tried to stare at it instead of focusing on the gasps and utterances from the viking group, but it didn't help. She could feel her grasp on control slipping, the ball of electricity hissing sinisterly. Before she could yell out in warning, electricity shot out everywhere, drawing out shocked screams from her friends. Something started smoking and Igraine coughed, dread filling her chest. The smoke cleared, revealing the teenage vikings sprawled out around the arena, some with singed hair and clothes, others with bruises and scratches. She caught Hiccup's eye and saw fear there for a brief moment; her heart sunk.

She knew what was going to happen next; they'd yell at her, mock her, some of the brave ones would even throw things at her, and she'd be an outcast again. So many times had that happened that Igraine couldn't face it again, especially if the hate came from Hiccup, and so she did the first thing that came to her. She ran. They yelled after her but Igraine didn't listen, she was too busy trying not to fall with the tears in her eyes. Sparky followed quickly after his mistress as she disappeared into the woods around Berk. Igraine didn't stop running until she was certain she was alone and then she collapsed on the ground, drawing her knees up to her chest and trying to reign in her crying.

Sparky purred in worry as he sat in front of her, nudging her leg with his head. But Igraine couldn't help it, her one chance of making friends here and she blew it. Her hope was squashed and there was a hurt deep in her chest that she could certainly peg on the look in Hiccup's eyes. For some reason, that look was what hurt the worst. Just as they were getting closer, just as she realized how much she liked him, just as he started liking her. Now he was scared of

her-hated her even! Who wouldn't hate a freak?

"It's not like I asked for this! I didn't mean to..." Igraine gave a deep sigh, recalling her excitement when her mother sent her to her first lesson. She learned so much, like that she had an knack for magic that relied purely on her control, but at the cost of most of her friends. In the beginning, Igraine's focus was too all over the place and things would just..._happen_. "I didn't mean to."

"I know."

9. Chapter 9

Igraine's head snapped up to find Hiccup kneeling down in front of her, his face sincere. She felt her lip tremble as she leaned back against a tree. "Go ahead, say whatever you want, I've heard it all. Just get it over with."

"Igraine I-" Hiccup paused and Igraine could see that brain of his turning. Finally he let out a sigh and sat cross-legged in front of her, holding out a hand that she didn't take. "Look, none of us are mad at you. What you did was amazing, even if it ended badly! And we weren't hurt, just a minor singing." He grinned but Igraine just scrunched her forehead in confusion. Was he tricking her? "We don't see you any differently..."

She wiped away some stray tears from her cheeks, studying Hiccup. "...Why? Why don't you guys think I'm a freak?"

"Because what you can do is great, and you are still you. I like you."

They blinked at each other before they both blushed, realizing what he just said. There was an awkward silence in which Igraine weighed her options. Hiccup honestly seemed to care about her-he even ran after her and she ran pretty far! "I..I like you, too." Hiccup gave her a grin which she returned with a smile before the sound of footsteps caught their attention.

"Duuude, that was epic!" Tuffnut high-fived his sister as the gang caught up, everyone's hair still standing up.

Igraine gave them all a look, especially Hiccup whose hair was the worst, Her laugh echoed in the woods. "You guys look ridiculous!"

"She's talking about you," Ruffnut punched her brother in the shoulder.

"No, she's talking about you." Tuffnut pushed her back.

"Ya know, that isn't the only way you electrify me." Snotlout winked at Igraine who stared at him for a moment. "You know..cause you look sparkin...get it?"

"Yeah, she gets it." Hiccup rolled his eyes before standing and offered Igraine his hand once more.

This time she took it, feeling as if everything was okay. The gang,

though it was rocky at first, seemed like they actually could make good friends-especially if they could survive a magic malfunction!- and her grin was genuine as Ruffnut punched her shoulder affectionately. "So...You guys don't want to chase me away with big sticks?"

"Nope." Hiccup grinned at her while Ruffnut and Tuffnut seemed a bit disappointed. "Now, who's up for some flying? We still gotta search for what spooked Sparky."

Igraine nodded happily, looking down at their entwined hands that only added to her good mood. "But first, you guys might wanna fix your bad hair days."

After the electrified gang had managed their hair and singed clothing, they all met down by the docks with their dragons. Igraine was the last to arrive even though she wasn't affected by her magic and noticed a certain blonde girl waiting by a Deadly Nadder. Astrid narrowed her eyes at Igraine but didn't say anything, which confused her. Wasn't she going to threaten her? Or were they done with that? It took a bit longer for Igraine to notice that Hiccup was talking to Astrid and she was surprised by the sharp stab of jealousy in her chest. She shook her head and focused on Sparky while the others readied their dragons. So how was she going to ride this dragon with sharp spikes?

Last time she had rode him standing up, she could do that again though it wasn't the safest. Igraine noticed a few feet between his head and spine spikes that she could sit on and hold on to the head frill. Simple enough and she could always use a shield until she fixed him up for proper riding. "Hey." Hiccup's voice startled her and she turned to see him and Toothless approach, earning glances from his-their friends.

"Hey." She responded lamely.

"So...is it cool if Astrid joins us?" He scratched the back of his neck awkwardly, hazel eyes staring at his shoe.

She wanted nothing more than to say no but she opened her mouth and shrugged, "Sure. But this doesn't mean I like her." Why did she have to add that? Now Hiccup probably thinks she's rude...

"No one blames you, she's been pretty mean lately. Don't take it personal, we, uh, kinda ended an old relationship on a bad note and I think she's just jealous."

"Jealous? Of what?" Okay, now she was just being stupid. Control, control, control.

Hiccup blushed furiously, much to the amusement of Snotlout. "Of-of, well, us...Not th-that there is an us or-or anything! I mean, unless..." He trailed off in shame and Igraine couldn't help but giggle, earning a glare from Astrid.

"We'll see." How she played it off so calmly, Igraine will never know because she was squealing like a little girl inside. Not waiting to see his reaction-which she hoped was good- Igraine climbed on Sparky's neck and readied herself for take off.

Hiccup looked flabbergasted. "Close your mouth, man, you'll catch flies." Snotlout teased with a smirk. Hiccup shot him an annoyed look before grinning like an idiot and mounting Toothless. One by one, the dragons lifted off into the air and began a loose formation with Toothless in the lead and Astrid in the rear. Igraine was somewhere in the middle next to Fishlegs who gave her a smile and wave which she returned animatedly.

They flew like that until supper time, just cruising around Berk for any sign of what caused the Skrill to freak out with no luck. Every island nearby was terror-free; at least of terrors that would scare a Skrill. But the gang wasn't deterred, they had done some cool tricks together and Hiccup assured them that they would expand their search tomorrow, so they headed back home for dinner. That left Hiccup and Igraine alone to walk to the big house. There was a tense silence for most of the way until Hiccup finally broke down and asked, "What did you mean by 'we'll see'?"

Igraine chewed on her lip to keep her nerves from basting her as she casually replied. "What is today, the third day of my visit? That means there's four left. So...We still have time to get to know each other, right?" Okay, even to her that was lame.

"Right..." Hiccup went back to silence, much to Igraine's worry, and remained that way all through dinner. She didn't talk much either but that was just cause she felt like she had messed up.

After dinner, she watched Hiccup retreat to his room without so much of a goodnight and couldn't help but frown. It caught her mother's attention and Frea laid a motherly hand on Igraine's back. "What is wrong, my dear?"

"I think I just messed up our friendship..."

"Why would you say that?"

Igraine looked at her mother who was nearly her opposite in looks besides their pale skin and felt the whole story tumbling out of her before she could stop it. The look on Frea's face when she was finished worried her; it was one of deep thought and that was never good with her mother. "Mom?"

"I believe that Hiccup is an honorable young man and that he will not give up on you so easily." She said carefully before giving her daughter a very somber look. "I also think that what you two are doing is...unique. Unique things are...good. I must go to bed."

Igraine watched in confusion as her now awkward mother hurried to her room upstairs. She let out a groan before letting her head drop down on the dining table in annoyance. "Speaks in riddles, that woman." Her dad mused behind her before taking a seat beside his small daughter. "But she means well."

"She's a seer, of course she speaks in riddles." Igraine paused, peeking up at her father through one eye. "Care to decipher this one?"

Gunthrum chuckled. "True love is a rare thing, lass, your mother is only warning you to hold on to it once you think you find it. A love

like that only comes once."

"Are you and mom...?"

"Aye, she's my moon and stars, Igraine. Things will work out, I feel it...In my belly!" He teased, poking at Igraine's belly button in an endearing way.

Igraine giggled, suddenly feeling better. "Thanks dad. Ima head to bed, night." She gave him a kiss on the cheek before scurrying to her temporary room with the hope of a good night's rest. After changing into her night gown, Igraine promptly crawled under the fur blankets and fell asleep only to be disappointed.

Instead of the sweet embrace of dreams, Igraine was tormented by nightmares. She was alone in woods that seemed oddly familiar, but that wasn't what troubled her. There was a fluttery feeling in her stomach, as if she was an animal being hunted and every bone in her body screamed at her to run. And so Igraine did, tripping every now and then over twigs or rocks but she never stopped until the ground beneath her began to shake. She fell roughly on to the cool grass and stared up at the sky in horror. A shadow of the monster fell over her just as the cold realization of her impending death did. Igraine let out a blood curdling scream just as everything melted into a terrifying blackness.

10. Chapter 10

Hiccup woke up bright eyed and content the next morning with an idea running through his brain. He attached his prosthetic before heading out of his room only to see Frea in a green gown in front of Igraine's room, stirring his curiosity. Upon hearing his approach, Frea turned and smiled, "Good morning, Hiccup."

"Good morning, ma'am. Is something wrong with Igraine?"

"See for yourself, dear." She motioned Hiccup into the doorway with a smirk.

Sitting on her fur covered bed in the Lotus position was Igraine clad in a cropped sleeve back dress and white leggingings but no boots, leaving her dainty feet bare. Her eyes were closed and she was resting her hands palm up on her knees, chanting, "_Om Namah Skadi_" drawing out the _m, ah,_ and_ di_.

"What is she doing?" Hiccup asked, his eyebrows bunching up while he smirked.

Frea returned his look with a smirk of her own and Hiccup realized with a start that this was the first time since they arrived that he had seen Frea really smile. It lit up her face just like Igraine's smile did. "Meditating, I believe she had a rough night. Please bring her down for breakfast, she's ignoring me."

"Will do." Hiccup watched as Frea left before entering Igraine's room. "Hey, Igraine."

"_Yes?"_ Igraine chanted, drawing out the _s_ like a hissing dragon.

"You sound like a dragon." Hiccup teased, feeling accomplished as her pink lips twitched in effort to hide a smile. "Do you have plans for today?" He asked, trying to sound casual but even to him it sounded dorky.

Igraine actually grinned despite her obvious concentration not to. "Yes, actually. See, I was going to ask this really cute guy for some help with a project. Why are you asking?" Her eyes opened, the crystal blue twinkling with joy.

"Oh, uh, no reason..." He trailed off and tried not to let his disappointment show. "Anyway, breakfast is ready." Hiccup turned and began to leave until Igraine's spoke up.

"By the way, Hiccup, I was wondering if you could help me with a project of mine." Igraine giggled.

His cheeks flushed though he was grinning as he turned to look at her, filled with a rush of excitement. "My pleasure. And thanks."

Igraine scrambled off of her bed in order to catch up with him as he reached the stairs still barefoot. "For what?" She asked, clueless.

"Calling me cute." It was his turn to laugh as her face turned a nice shade of pink.

Their conversation faded and they sat at the dining table with goofy grins on their faces. Frea caught his eye across from him with a knowing look. "Igraine, are you alright?" She shifted her gaze to her daughter as their respective dads joined.

"I'm fine, I just had a nightmare is all." Igraine shrugged it off before pouring herself some milk. "Hey, dad, is it alright if I invite Hiccup to my name day celebration?"

"'Course! Invite the whole gang, if ya want." Gunthrum gave Hiccup a toothy grin. "You're always welcome, lad."

"Thanks," Hiccup replied with a grin of his own.

"Great!" Igraine stood up from the table, grabbing Hiccup's arm, and began excitedly tugging on him to get up. "C'mon, Hiccup, I want to get an early start."

Hiccup glanced at his father and Stoick gave a laugh, waving him off. "You heard the lass, Hiccup."

So Hiccup let Igraine pull him along towards the village and towards Gobber's Forge. Gobber was outside talking with none other than Astrid but that didn't seem to deter Igraine who approached with a confident smile. "Excuse me?"

They turned and Gobber's face lit up with friendliness while Astrid's expression turned sour. "Hiccup and Igraine, right?"

"Yupp, and you are?"

"Gobber the Belch. Pleased to meet ya." Gobber turned to say something to Astrid but found her walking off. He shook it off, returning to the two teens in front of him. "What can I do ya for."

Hiccup looked expectantly at Igraine. "I just needed Hiccup's help in inventing things. Can we use his workspace?"

Gobber nodded and Igraine tugged Hiccup inside the messy shop. He watched in amusement as Igraine looked at everything, eyes alight with curiosity, and drifted over to his small corner of the shop, waiting for her to catch up. "So, what do you need help with?"

"Sparky's spikes are really sharp and I can't use my shield forever, so I wanted your help in making a saddle or something."

Hiccup went silent for a moment and then his hands started moving, gathering paper and a charcoal pencil, sketching the figure of the Skrill. Igraine watched curiously over his shoulder while Hiccup drew out his idea. It was a simplistic version of Toothless's saddle but instead of leg holsters, she would have a belt-like thing over the middle spike. To add a more personal touch, Hiccup silently decided he would imprint lightning designs on the leather. Igraine whistled appreciatively at his blueprint then gave a small giggle as Hiccup immediately went to work cutting the leather.

"Thanks for all the help, Hiccup." They shared a smile before Igraine hopped up on a counter, her legs swinging. "So...Do you have any feelings left for Astrid?" The question seemed forced, even to Hiccup.

"Not really." He replied absentmindedly. "We kept fighting all the time so it was kind of a relief when she ended it. Have you had a boyfriend."

"Nope...Have you ever seen a wolf around here? Not just any wolf, like a really big one?"

The change in subject caught him off guard and he sent her a glance before focusing on using a hot metal rod to imprint in the leather. "No why?"

"Because it was in my nightmare- at least, I think it was. I was in the woods and being chased by this huge beast, even bigger than a dragon. It seemed so real and for a minute, I thought it was a premonition...But I guess not. What are you doing that for?" She gestured to his work.

"I thought I'd make it special for you-cause you know we're friends and all." He added lamely.

Igraine's face softened. "Thank you...Um, hey, do you mind if I go do something?"

"Do what?"

"Just...something." She answered cryptically with a nervous look.

"Sure?"

"Thanks, I'll be back around lunch!" Igraine hopped off, gave him a hug, careful of the fiery metal, and then ran off much to Hiccup's confusion.

He shook it off and went back to work. A few hours passed uninterrupted until someone coughed behind him, a glance back revealed it to be an awkward looking Astrid. Apprehension filled Hiccup as he calmly went back to work, letting Astrid stand there before she hesitantly came to his side. "...I'm sorry."

"I'm not the one you should be apologizing to." He stated coldly.

"I know and I already apologized to her. It was stupid the way I was acting." Astrid looked away from Hiccup.

He glanced at her in disbelief. "...Apology accepted."

Astrid gave him a half smirk. "Thanks, Hiccup. Oh, I also came to warn you about Igraine. She and I actually worked together to do something for you, so just be ready when she comes to fetch you." There was a pause in which Hiccup thought Astrid had left.
"...There's no more us is there?"

Was there? Hiccup asked himself silently, turning to meet Astrid's gaze.

11. Chapter 11

Igraine hummed quietly to herself, letting her hands go on auto-pilot as they picked pretty flowers in the cove, and couldn't help think of her encounter with Astrid. Her apology seemed sincere so Igraine felt obligated to accept it, but she was confused on where that left their rocky relationship. Though they had just spent a good hour hanging out, Igraine still felt threatened by Astrid's presence-she was Hiccup's girlfriend after all. But they had gotten along so well that she couldn't bring herself to view Astrid as the enemy anymore, in fact she was more of a friend which only confused Igraine more. Could their relationship dynamic change that easily or was Astrid up to something?

The seior stood and made her decision; stay on her toes. If Astrid wanted a fresh start, she'd give her one but it will take time to earn Igraine's trust. She had a good start, though. Astrid had asked her why she was in the cove and despite looking a bit upset, helped her concoct the idea of a nice lunch So here Igraine was, picking flowers for the centerpiece and feeling like this was missing something. Sure, it was a good idea to have a meal together but it was nothing compared to what Hiccup had done for her and Igraine was struggling to find more ways to repay him. With a sigh, she continued to make preparations such as borrowing a blanket from Chief Stoick's house and getting her mother's help in making food until the sun was high in the sky.

The blanket was laid out a few feet from the lake with two plates of mutton and cabbage and some lingonberry juice for them. Her blue flowers were still in her grasp as she sat on a nearby rock just waiting. Astrid was supposed to get Hiccup and bring him here, where

were they? After a few more minutes, Igraine grew fed up and began walking back to the village, a sinking feeling in her stomach. The flowers were still in her hands as she neared Gobber's forge, not seeing any sign of Astrid or Hiccup until she was standing in the door way.

The flowers in her hands wilted the same moment she felt her heart ache. There they stood in front of his workspace, Astrid's back to her as they kissed. Betrayal and hurt flashed through Igraine, causing her to drop the dead flowers, turn, and run, tears stinging in her eyes. How could they! She had trusted him! Hiccup seemed so nice and caring, but now Igraine knew it was all just an act, like Astrid had said. He had played her as-as a rebound only to go back to his ex! And after she had opened up to him!

Igraine was so caught up in her torment that she didn't realize where she was running until her mother's arms caught her into a hug. "My dear, what are these tears being spilled for?" She didn't reply and her mother merely held her and ran her fingers through her daughter's hair, shushing her gently. When Igraine's sobbing had subsided, Frea led her daughter to the bed in her room, drawing her into her lap. "Now, tell me what is wrong."

"I...I was waiting for-for Hiccup and went looking for him t-to find, "Igraine sniffled. "him and Astrid..."

Frea nodded in understanding, her face becoming somber. "It will be alright, love. You are strong and you must go on with your head held high. Life is too short to dwell on the wrongs done to you, instead take them and grow from them. I cannot keep you protected forever, Igraine, so you must learn to live life and it comes with heartaches."

"I don't want to live if it hurts this much, mom..." Igraine muttered.

"Skadi saved you for a reason, you are destined for greatness, don't give up over a boy." Igraine knew that was hard for her protective mother to say and it touched her.

She wiped the tears from her cheeks before meeting her mother's eyes. "Thank you mom. I think I'll be okay."

"I know you will, my little dragon." Frea kissed Igraine's forehead gently.

Igraine climbed off of her mother's bed and walked back outside despite the puffiness of her eyes to find Sparky waiting for her with concern shining in his eyes. "I'm fine, Sparky. Let's go for a ride." She climbed on to his neck, standing this time, and took hold of his front spike as he took off into the air, swiftly gaining speed. Standing was different and a little bit more difficult but it was certainly a nice way to escape thinking about what had happened since it took all of Igraine's focus to hold on and not let Sparky's spike cut her.

After about ten minutes, Igraine heard something behind her and turned to see Toothless and Stormfly gaining on her. It squashed her new found good mood to see Hiccup yelling at her to slow down but it didn't stop her from urging Sparky to go faster-not that she had a

chance to beat Toothless though. Instead of giving them a chance to catch up to her, Igraine spotted a deserted island filled with woods down below and steered Sparky to land there, hoping they'd get the hint and leave her alone. They didn't.

Igraine had jumped off Sparky and was making her way towards the woods when Hiccup landed, calling out, "Igraine, wait, please!"

She turned to give him a cold stare as they both dismounted and approached, Hiccup looking heartbroken and Astrid guilty. "What do you want." Igraine all but hissed.

"To explain. It wasn't what you think, Astrid—"

"I saw what I needed to see. Now leave me alone Hiccup." Her anger was beginning to bubble over and that wasn't good. Things tended to go wiry when she was angry and though she hated them both, Igraine didn't want to hurt them.

"Igraine—" Astrid began.

"I said leave!" Electricity began to spark from her fingertips.

Hiccup glanced down at them but continued to walk closer giving her the look you'd give a frightened dragon. "Please, just listen to us for a minute, Igraine." When she didn't yell at him, Hiccup went on, "I never meant for you to get hurt and neither did Astrid."

"Look, I don't want to know that you two are back together if that's all you have to say. I don't want your apologies either so take 'em and go."

Hiccup and Astrid shared a look.

Author's Note: Short chapter, I know, but I couldn't resist the cliff hanger! Anyway, shout out to everyone who got the Rise of the Guardians reference and all the people leaving reviews! I love all of my readers and I hope you have a great day or night!~Alizarin

12. Chapter 12

"I didn't meant to get between your guys' relationship, I'm sorry." Astrid said with earnest conviction.

Every bone in Igraine's body screamed liar! and she chose to listen to her instincts, eyes narrowing in disbelief. "What relationship?"

"I thought you two were gunna try—"

"No." Igraine snapped, walking back to an anxious Sparky, but not before she saw the hurt flash through Hiccup's eyes. Igraine felt a brief spout of regret before she squashed it with anger.

"Igraine," Hiccup began and he seemed to be pleading with her as he continued, "please just listen. Astrid kissed me."

"I know that, I'm not blind." She started petting Sparky's neck to keep the tears from spilling over her cheeks.

He took a step toward her, "But I didn't know she was going to! We aren't back together at all. I don't want to get back together with her."

"Then why were you two kissing?"

"She kissed me. I don't know why." Igraine sensed Hiccup was looking back at Astrid for an explanation.

There was a moment of silence in which those two silently fought before Igraine heard Astrid grudgingly speak up. "I didn't mean to start anything I...I just wanted to see if there was anything worth saving." Lie.

Igraine blinked away her tears and weighed her options. She knew Astrid was lying, that she had an obvious ulterior motive, but Hiccup sounded sincere. Astrid had used him in her game to win him back and her gut was telling her that Igraine was right. So Igraine made her choice. She looked back at Hiccup, her eyes willing him to tell the truth. "Is there?"

From the corner of her eye, she could see Astrid's face light up with hope but Hiccup's became somber, his hazel eyes holding Igraine's steadily. "No."

Astrid's face fell before she hid it with a blank look. Igraine's chest relaxed and she let out a breath she didn't know she was holding while giving Hiccup a small smile. "Sorry...for freaking out..."

"It's okay. How about we just go back and you can help me with Sparky's saddle?"

Igraine nodded, enjoying the relief in Hiccup's face as they all returned to their dragons and headed back towards Berk. Once they landed, Astrid broke off and disappeared, something Igraine was eternally grateful for, and Hiccup merely led her back to the forge where his workspace was littered with leather and metal. Before he began working, Hiccup gave her a questioning look to which she returned with a smile, all was forgiven. At least, for him. She still didn't trust Astrid. Hiccup grinned in relief and went back to manipulating the leather into shape.

"So...What are you doing?" Igraine hopped up on a counter only to hop back off as Hiccup enthusiastically began teaching her how to blacksmith. They spent a good two hours like that, Hiccup helping her with the fire and teaching her the tricks of the trade, until the sun sank past the horizon and in those two hours, the two found themselves stealing secret glances at the other. Oblivious to the passing time, they continued working, both relishing in the moments when their hands would touch or they found themselves close together with unspoken happiness and shared nervous smiles, until a gruff voice broke the silence.

"Hiccup-oh, Igraine." The pair turned to see Hiccup's dad giving them a strained smile, as if he was uncomfortable. "Yer parents are lookin' for ya'."

"Um, thank you." Igraine turned to look at Hiccup who was mere inches away from her, causing her to blush. "I, uh, better get going..."

"Y-yeah, I'll see you in the morning." Hiccup grinned at her.

She happily returned the grin before hurrying out to find what her parents wanted, a chaste type of hope blooming in her chest.

* * *

><p>"Don't let me stop ya' from working, lad. I just wanted to...have a chat." Stoick said, obviously getting ready to tackle an awkward subject. Hiccup let it slide and decided giving his hands something to do would be better before getting extra leather out to add Hiccup flair to Igraine's saddle. "'er parents and I were wondering...You know about the Hanok's traditions on marriage, right?"<p>

Hiccup gave him a side glance and answered slowly, "Yes, why?"

"Well," Stoick scratched his beard. "were ya' thinkin' of competing?"

"For-for Igraine?" Hiccup stuttered out, turning to look at his dad in shock. Stoick merely nodded in an uncomfortable manner.

"I-I...haven't even thought about it..."

"Did you fix the fight earlier today?" Stoick abruptly changed direction.

"You know about the fight?" Hiccup suddenly felt annoyed that it seemed to have gotten out. "How?"

"Frea told me before I came to find you, so I wouldn't be confused if Gunthrum hunted you down when she told him." He chuckled and even Hiccup couldn't help cracking a smile even though the thought of facing an angry Gunthrum scared him. "What happened?"

Hiccup stalled, fiddling with a piece of wire. "Astrid came here to apologize for a fight in the arena the other day and said Igraine had forgiven her, too. So I went back to acting like friends. Next thing I know she was asking me whether or not there was still an 'us' and I told her no then she kissed me."

"That's my—" Stoick's proud grin fell as Hiccup gave him a look. "My...My chivalrous son! Stayin' true to Igraine. What happened next?"

Hiccup rolled his eyes in amusement. "I pushed her away, telling her there wasn't a chance I'd take her back, and then notice Igraine had run off after seeing that. We followed her to an island and I told her the story. She forgave us, so all is well."

"I hate saying this, but you need to be careful around Astrid, she's going to make things even harder." Stoick gave his son a serious look.

"What things?" Hiccup asked, honestly confused.

"Winning over Igraine's heart, lad!"

"What? No, it-it's not-I'm not trying-" Hiccup stuttered with a furious blush until his dad clapped him on the shoulder.

"It's alright, ma' boy, we already know. It's obvious." Stoick couldn't help laugh at his son's embarrassed face. "Truth be told, Frea and I are makin' bets with Gobber and Gunthrum on you two." Hiccup groaned, much to his dad's amusement. "Hey, what's wrong?"

"I had just gotten her to forgive me for something that wasn't my fault and now you all are betting on us?! It's bad enough I still haven't kissed her!" There was a pause in which Hiccup could feel his dad trying not to laugh.

"You haven't kissed her yet?" Stoick managed between his throaty laugh. Upon seeing his son's exasperated face, Stoick quit laughing and ruffled his hair. "That's alright, it took me a week to even make a move on your mother." Father and son shared a smile before Stoick made to leave, giving his son one last piece of advice. "Oh, and if you really like this girl, don't let her get away like I did your mother."

Hiccup watched his dad leave, a small smile playing on his face as he went back to work thinking about what was said. So all the adults were making bets on him and Igraine, but did they understand how Hiccup felt? Or Igraine? How did she feel exactly? Hiccup knew for certain that he felt..._something_. Every time he saw Igraine, he couldn't help but want to smile and show off, anything to see that grin of hers light up her face. There was just something about her that made him feel like he wasn't alone, like she understood. Was this what his dad felt with his mother?

Hiccup didn't mean to, but he stayed up until the moon was high in the sky just letting his hands work on his surprise for Igraine as he thought about his feelings for her. Toothless came by, watching him until softly growling as a sign that Hiccup should rest. "Later, bud, I gotta finish this." Toothless rolled his green eyes at his rider as he went back to his desk, drawing up some extra design that he wouldn't get to add because he promptly fell asleep dreaming of Igraine and scavenger hunts.

* * *

><p>Igraine found her parents in the Great Hall near Hiccup's house, her mother watching her father pace the floor angrily with a worried expression. They turned to see her upon her approach and Igraine felt worry morph her face into a frown. Her mother raised her eyebrows while her dad furiously raised a double headed axe. "Where is he, I'm gunna flay him alive for hurting my girl! Chop 'im up in little bits and feed him to your dragon!"</p>

She met her mother's amused gaze for a moment before the comical effect of her angry dad got to her and Igraine laughed, unfazed by the 6'7 viking with a deadly weapon. Gunthrum faltered in confusion as Igraine struggled to breath. Even her mother, who didn't know they had made up, was a bit inquisitive. "What? I'm not supposed to be funny, I'm supposed to be terrifying!"

"And...you are!" Igraine giggled out. "It's just...I'm not...hurt!"

"But...I thought he broke your heart..." Her dad looked crestfallen as the chance to rip someone open was torn away from him.

"He didn't. His ex did." Igraine caught her breath and sobered up. "She's out to get me, but Hiccup chased me down and explained everything, stating that there isn't anything between him and Astrid anymore."

"...And you believe him?" Gunthrum studied his daughter. She gave him a confident nod, settling most of his worry over her safety. "Well, I'd say tear her to bits, but your mother won't let me fight anyone."

"That's my job," Igraine grinned, taking the axe from her dad only to find it twice her weight and almost dropped it on her foot until her dad took it, chuckling. "Well...maybe after some fighting lessons?"

Gunthrum looked at his wife for permission. Frea sighed. "Fine, but only because my daughter has proven to me how strong she is."

Igraine couldn't have felt happier that moment as she gave her mother her biggest hug followed by a rib crushing squeeze from her dad. But there was something nagging at her in the back of her mind that she couldn't shake and she took a step back from her parents. "Mom, dad, what do I do? About Hiccup, I mean. Even if he does like me, I'll be going home in three days...and then we have my name day and..." She couldn't bring herself to mention the competition.

Her mother opened her mouth...closed it...opened it...and then looked expectantly at Gunthrum who merely rolled his eyes in amusement. "Lass, let things fall where they may. If he likes you as much as Frea and Stoick think he does, living in a different tribe isn't going to stop him from winning ya over."

"Mom and Stoick?" Igraine's eyebrows bunched together.

Frea smacked Gunthrum's arm under his leather tunic. "You weren't supposed to mention the bets!"

"You guys are betting on us?! You're all insufferable!" Igraine pouted. "I'm going to bed. And I hope mom wins!" She mischievously called as she hurried to Hiccup's house.

"Why does she always take your side?"

"Because us magic folk have to stick together." She heard her mother tease before entering the house and going to bed.

13. Chapter 13

The next morning found Igraine waking up and getting dressed in a short sleeved black tunic with a red skirt and a belt made of leather and an iron crescent moon buckle. She pulled on a pair of white leggings and then her black boots with fur trim before happily

heading down to the dining room for breakfast. Stoick, Gobber, and her parents were there and seemed to be eagerly awaiting for her arrival. She raised her eyebrows at them. Gobber and Stoick comically went back to stuffing their faces, pretending not to notice her while her mother rolled her eyes and her father grinned sheepishly.

"Good morning." They responded to her with nods or waves as she took a seat. "Where's Hiccup?"

"Haven't seen 'im since I saw you two in the forge." Stoick answered with a grin.

Gobber scratched the back of his head. "I saw Toothless there this mornin'."

"The numskull probably fell asleep, I'll go get him." Igraine didn't bother waiting for permission as she already knew her mother would do anything to win against her father.

Sure enough, there Hiccup was with his head on his desk and drooling on a piece of paper. He looked so cute when he was asleep, so peaceful and relaxed. It was a nice change from fun-loving, energetic, and caring Hiccup but Igraine needed him awake. She gently shook his shoulder and when that didn't work, she slowly crept up on him until she was right in his ear and whispered, "Hiccup...If you don't get up...I'll shooock you~!"

Hiccup merely stirred, making Igraine grin with evil mischief before sending a bolt of electricity to her finger and poking him in his side. Not enough to hurt him, but it certainly jolted him awake. "Ah! Hey-yay-heeeeey Igraine...Wait, that was you wasn't it?! You're a feisty one." He gave her a grin to show no hard feelings before realizing he had drooled on a drawing. "Man, I can't even remember what that was."

"That's okay, once you go get changed out of those dirty clothes, you and I can make up all sorts of inventions." Igraine giggled, pushing his unruly brown hair out of his eyes.

"Okay." He seemed to suddenly remember something and quickly pushed Igraine out of the forge. "You wait here, I'll be back. And get Sparky!" Hiccup called over to his shoulder as he ran towards home.

She rolled her eyes but did ask he asked and called Sparky over from the arena. It was another ten minutes before a flushed Hiccup returned in a fresh set of clothes. "What's all this for?" Igraine smiled slightly.

"You'll see. Stay here and close your eyes, follow me Sparky." Hiccup watched until Igraine dutifully closed her eyes and there was some ruckus as Hiccup argued with Sparky who growled in response. Igraine giggled thinking that they argued like brothers. "C'mon, just hold still. Please? Hey, don't do that! Fine, if you won't do it for me, do it for the pretty girl! Oh, don't give me that look, you know I was bound to pull that card. If you don't cooperate, you'll disappoint Igraine. Thank you." There was a bit more sounds of a struggle before Hiccup said, "Okay, open 'em."

She did and gasped at the sight before her. There was her beautiful

purple dragon with a new dark brown leather saddle strapped to his neck with brass stirrups all done up with lightning and swirl designs to mimic a storm. Hiccup had outdone himself though as Sparky's head frill was also done up. Each spike had a strip of leather wrapped around the middle connected to each other with brass chains but the pattern ended at the middle spike which had the middle strap as well as a cap-like leather piece on the tip for her to hold on while standing. It truly was a beautiful piece of work that had taken her breath away.

"Hiccup...It's gorgeous, I can't thank you enough." Igraine breathed, coming closer to trail a hand on the engravings.

"I added the leather on the rest of the spikes so you'll have something to grab and not get cut." He chuckled nervously, silently enjoying the awe on her face. "But...that's not all. Sparky, lean down." Sparky obeyed. "I added these buckles that you should be able to slip in to when you ride standing up. I think I made them far enough apart that they won't get in the way when you sit but your stance won't be too wide either."

It was such a thoughtful thing to do that Igraine wasn't expecting. All the gratitude she felt successfully drowned out any rational thought and she acted without thinking, swiftly giving Hiccup a kiss. Their lips touched but Igraine started backing up when Hiccup tensed, thinking she had messed up. But his hands found themselves a place on her waist and pulled her back, gently and hesitantly returning the kiss. Her stomach was doing more flips than it does riding a dragon but his warm lips seemed to electrify her and left her breathless. They broke apart after another moment, staring at each other with wide eyes. He then proceeded to give her a dopey grin at which she giggled, breaking the tension between the two.

"Um, Hiccup?" Igraine hesitantly brushed back a lock of her choppy hair behind her ear. "I...I wanted to do something to say thanks, but my plans were kinda ruined yesterday so...I was wondering if you mind hanging with me? You might wanna bring your sketchbook too."

Hiccup continued to give her his adorable grin. "Lead the way."

Igraine waited for him to pack a few more charchol pencils before leading him, Sparky, and Toothless to the other side of the island, finding the beach there thankfully deserted. She led him to a comfortable spot and sat down on her knees while he did the same with a look of anticipation on his face. Igraine had to take a moment to steady her hands, which were still shaking from the kiss, before taking one of his and putting it palm up. "You know I'm a seior?" Hiccup nodded. "Well, I'm going to give you lessons. Now not everyone can manipulate electricity or anything, but there are some simple things I can teach you that nearly everyone can do."

Igraine could see from the look in his eyes that he knew how difficult it was to open up about this. "Igraine, you don't have to."

"I want to." She gave him a timid smile before taking a calming breath. "First thing's first; everything is made up of energy and energy can be manipulated. A seior can either borrow energy from something else, like I do with the lightning bolts Sparky rides, or

you use up your personal supply but that's dangerous. Use it all and...Well, let's just say use it as a last resort." With Hiccup holding his palm straight, Igraine slowly put her hand above his until they were an inch apart, projecting her energy past her skin.

Hiccup gave a small gasp as he no doubt felt the vibration emitting from her palm. "That's energy. Now you try. Close your eyes and focus on feeling the natural vibration inside of you and push it outwards."

She watched nervously as he did as she told and after five minutes of a cute face of concentration, Igraine felt his energy meet hers in a lower frequency of vibration. Matching grins slowly found their way on each viking's face when they shared a look. Hiccup seemed to brighten under his success, much to Igraine's amusement, and his lapse in concentration snapped his energy back to him. "That...was amazing."

"You did well," Igraine nodded in agreement. "I couldn't be prouder." She giggled when Hiccup rolled his eyes. "Let's try something else. Okay, put your hand up like you would to a dragon. Good, now project your energy outward again but try and solidify it." When Hiccup thought he had it, he nodded his head and Igraine proceeded to punch his palm. There was a bit of resistance at first but Igraine broke through easily and hit Hiccup's palm. "It was good, but you have to focus...Hiccup?"

Hiccup had been staring at her the entire time with a half-smirk that had Igraine blushing. His name snapped him out of his inner day-dreaming and he raised his eyebrows. "Huh?"

"I said you have to focus, silly. Wanna keep trying?"

"Definitely."

Author's Note: Okay guys, I spent the weekend with my family and we went to see the second movie. It totally rocked! It also gave me some plans that moved the plot for this one to the sequel. So from this point on, this story will be my own twist on the second movie and this is serving as a spoiler alert in case you don't want to ruin the movie (though I read spoilers before seeing it and it still rocked.). Thanks again to my loyal readers, you guys are the reason I write! 3 Alizarin

14. Chapter 14

"You'll come to my name day celebration, right?" Igraine asked, stalling for what was the millionth time that day.

Hiccup gave her a smile though she could tell he was as sad as her as they walked toward her dad's ship. "Wouldn't miss it for the world, Igraine."

They stopped just before the docks before their parents could take notice of them and for some reason, Igraine couldn't meet Hiccup's gaze and apparently neither could he. She felt a pang in her chest as she recalled all the time spent learning from each other. A smile

played on her lips as she recalled Hiccup's proud face when she drew up her own invention in his sketchbook but they wouldn't have the time to make. He chuckled a bit, no doubt recalling her shocked face when he successfully knocked her on her backside using the shield she taught him. But now it was over and Igraine had to return home, lacing every memory and action between them with sadness.

"I'm going to miss you." Hiccup broke the silence. They shared a bitter sweet smile before he pulled her into a comforting hug.

"I'll miss you, too." She murmured, burying her face in the crook of his neck. They stayed like that for a few minutes, neither wanting to let go, until Igraine broke the silence. "Hiccup...are we...?"

The teenage dragon rider was silent for a second, putting Igraine on edge, before slowly answering. "Do you want...?"

"Um," Igraine blushed. "...y-yeah..."

She could feel Hiccup's barely suppressed grin as he pulled back enough to see her face. "Then I guess we are." Igraine's smile was quickly covered by Hiccup's lips, not that she was complaining. Their second kiss of the week was short and brief, but it still made Igraine soar while Hiccup grinned like a goofball. "Who knows, maybe I'll come visit my girlfriend before your name day."

"Now you're just gunna use any excuse to call me that, aren't you?" Igraine giggled, rolling her eyes in an endearing manner when Hiccup nodded. "You're adorable...But I'd like a surprise visit from my boyfriend anytime."

Hiccup poked Igraine's side, enticing a giggle from the lovey dovey girl before Gunthrum hollered at them, "Igraine, come on, lass! We have to go before the tide changes!"

The new couple shared a sad look despite their smiles and slowly walked hand in hand on to the docks where the adults tried to discreetly give them questioning looks. "Yes, we're dating. Mom and Gobber won." Hiccup chuckled at Igraine's exasperated face. Gunthrum and Stoick muttered to themselves but individually fulfilled their bets; Frea received a kiss while Gobber got bragging rights. "Oh, hey, is it okay if I ride Sparky back? He gets antsy around water and it's not that long of a trip."

Frea nodded with a serene smile. "Certainly, my dear. Hiccup, it was wonderful to get to know you." Gunthrum helped her in the boat.

"Stoick, nice seeing you." Gunthrum and Stoick gave each other a manly hug which involved back slapped before Gunthrum turned to a nervous looking Hiccup. Her intimidating father narrowed his brown eyes and pulled Hiccup close, pointing a warning finger at his face. "Hurt my daughter again and I will gut you like a fish."

"I wouldn't dream of hurting your daughter, sir." Hiccup said, surprisingly confident despite leaning away from him.

"Good." Gunthrum ruffled both of their heads before boarding the ship. "Stay on us, Igraine."

"Will do." She waved as the boat set sail. Before mounting Sparky, she shared a quick peck with Hiccup, received hugs from Gobber and Stoick, and was surprised to get friendly goodbyes from Hiccup's gang of friends. "Hiccup, when you come for my party, bring your friends." Igraine grinned.

"I will." Hiccup winked at her while she agilely mounted Sparky and slipped her feet into the strap on top and held on to his front spike. "Be safe!" Her boyfriend called as Sparky took off into the air.

They shared one look before she was too far off and in that one look, Igraine warned him about Astrid. His eyes softened, silently easing her worries before giving her one of her favorite toothy grins and waving. Sparky flew, following the boat that flew her tribe's sigil, a wolf howling at a full moon with a rune symbol on it in honour of Skadi. The sun warmed Igraine's cheeks and before she realized it, her and Sparky had drifted away from the boat towards some ice glaciers.

A bad feeling began stirring in Igraine's stomach as she slowly turned Sparky around in search of her boat only to hear Sparky let out a roar as a net tangled them together and they fell like stones towards the ocean. In a panic, Igraine let out a shrill scream while she struggled against the tight rope that intensified when she felt warm blood flow down her arm and a sharp, agonizing pain shot up her right leg. Nothing she did helped their predicament.

Sparky twisted in the air but not even the powerful Skrill could stop their descent and soon they crashed into the icy water, both struggling to break free. Igraine gasped in for air only to get a lungful of salty liquid, causing her brain to scream for oxygen to no avail while panic began to settle in. It wasn't just her panic, though. While they sank deeper into the ocean and Igraine was on the verge of passing out, she could feel another, more primal sense of panic on the edge of her mind. She tried to reach out to it but was dragged under by the lack of air, her eyes fluttering close as her body relaxed against her limp dragon.

Author's Note: Short chapter, I know. But, again, I couldn't resist the cliff hanger. Hope I don't pull a George R. R. Martin and kill her off! Just kidding! Or...Am I...? 3 Alizarin

15. Chapter 15

It had been a measly three days before Hiccup was asking his dad's permission to fly over and see her. His dad, having been in love once, would let him go if he had finished his chores. So Hiccup was working as fast as his hands would let him on the new saddle for a fellow viking, the last on his list. The sun had already set by the time he and Toothless were taking off but neither minded, they actually preferred flying by starlight, it made it easier for Toothless to blend in.

"How do you think she is? I hope the situation with her friends took a turn for the better." Hiccup mused to himself before Toothless purred, obviously itching to do more than coast. "Alright, alright, I guess we can have a little fun."

Soon enough, they were twirling through the night sky, running on nothing but adrenaline as they dove and spun and tested their limits. Hiccup's laugh seemed to echo in the silence once they leveled out but he couldn't help miss Igraine and her giggles when they did tricks together. "What is it, buddy?" Toothless let out a snort, nodding towards the Hanok island to see one boat docking and another leaving.

"Wonder what's going on..." Hiccup lowered them down until he caught sight of a worried looking Gunthrum who gave him the all clear for landing. Before he even dismounted Toothless, Igraine's father rushed over to him followed closely by Frea who looked near tears. "What happened?"

"Hiccup, have you seen my daughter?" He all but pleaded.

"No, why?" Hiccup was suddenly alive with worry and a touch of fear. "Is she okay?"

Gunthrum's face fell, all the hope fading out of his face as he came to some terrible realization. "I...I don't know. We lost sight of her a few miles out from the island and she's been missing since. There's no sign of her anywhere." Despite being a tough viking, his voice cracked at the end. The thought of losing his only daughter was too much to bear but somehow, he stayed strong as Frea clung to him, crying. "It'll be okay...She's a tough one, that lass."

Gunthrum looked at Hiccup with tears in his eyes, "Go on home, lad."

"No, I'm going to help find her." He was about to protest but Hiccup cut him off. "What's better to find a dragon than another dragon? I'll be back later, I'm going out to look. Have someone send word to my dad and he can bring more dragons." And then Hiccup was off, anxiously chewing on the inside of his cheek but forcing the fear away. He needed to stay focused or he'd never find her and Hiccup knew for a fact he'd never stop till he did.

Toothless and him spent the entire night and half of the day searching the skies to no avail; there wasn't a trace of her or Sparky. But that didn't deter him. After Frea forcing them both to eat something, they were off again. It seemed Toothless was as anxious to find them as Hiccup was, a fact that Hiccup appreciated. Still no sign of either of the missing persons, Hiccup grudgingly returned back to the Hanok village, knowing better than to over tax himself.

But it took will to stop because every fiber of Hiccup's being was screaming at him to find her. He just had to. It was a desperate sort of hope Hiccup and everyone else clung to but it was all they had; no one could just disappear with no trace. The night's dinner pasted by in a haze to Hiccup, but it seemed to do the same to Igraine's parents who were barely holding on. Hiccup couldn't sleep that night while he restlessly turned in bed and the sleep he did get was plagued with nightmares of Igraine's cold, lifeless body washing on shore.

"Hiccup, it's time to wake up." Frea's quiet voice gently drug Hiccup out of his miserable sleep and he peeled his eyelids back to see her blotchy face. "You're father's here."

"Thanks," He said before hurrying out of their large wooden house to see his dad and the rest of the gang getting caught up by Gunthrum. "Dad, we have to find her." Stoick nodded, looking not the least bit surprised by his son's disheveled appearance and bloodshot eyes.

"Aye, and we will. Gobber, Snotlout, and Fishlegs will go that way." Stoick pointed towards the rising sun. "Astrid and the twins will go that way." Another point in the direction to the right. "And Hiccup and I will take the east. Go, and be back by sunset. We don't need anymore missing people."

Hiccup's deary face scrunched up in confusion as he spotted Astrid and Stormfly. He walked over, the question obvious on his face when she met his gaze and sighed. "Look, I didn't want her to get physically hurt."

Their eyes met briefly and Hiccup nodded, not feeling up to smiling, when he realized that was as close to a real apology he'd ever get from Astrid, before hurrying to Toothless and catching up to his father. Stoick gave his son an understanding look. "I'm not going to give you false hope, but we will try our best to find her."

"I know." Hiccup said, eyes on the sky. "And I'm never going to quit looking for her."

"Just don't forget to take care of yourself, you're no good to her if you can barely keep your eyes open." His dad advised before they continued riding in silence.

That day slipped by and many other until they all just blended into one another for Hiccup. Eventually, his dad had to go back to his village and so did he but not before he promised Igraine's parents he wouldn't quit looking and they assured him they wouldn't either. After two weeks, his dad put his foot down and said that if Hiccup didn't take better care of himself, Stoick wouldn't allow him to go out anymore, forcing the already frustrated and depressed Hiccup to eat properly though his sleep was still plagued with horrible dreams. His hope had vanished by now, replaced with some primal instinct that he couldn't name that wouldn't let him stop. Throughout his journeys, he had begun mapping out the places he had already been but by the third week, Hiccup only spent the morning searching.

The remainder of his day was spent mindlessly helping his dad with the village or bringing her inventions to life. Everyone could see how this was affecting Hiccup but no one had the courage to tell him that there was nothing left to find, even his father who had felt that same heart ache. But no one knew how much Hiccup was blaming himself. He was the one who had taught her about dragons, who had let her keep that stupid Skrill. If he would have just left her alone, she'd still be alive right now!

In a bout of rage, Hiccup slammed the metal he was working on on his desk, giving an animal-like growl before tugging at his hair. It was his fault she was gone, all his fault and he couldn't even find her! All the angry emotions he had been suppressing finally caught up to him as he punched the wall, earning nothing but bloody knuckles. Tears pricked his eyes only adding to his agitation. Toothless worriedly nuzzled his arm and purred, the sadness in his green eyes

reflecting his own. Hiccup sighed, letting go of his anger and patted his friend's head.

"We have to find her Toothless. I can't loose her." Toothless nodded and licked Hiccup's hand before Hiccup went back to work, giving his mind something to focus on besides shouldering the blame though there was none of his usual conviction in it.

Author's Note: What do you guys think about this chapter? I'm a little worried it's not up to par.

16. Chapter 16

Warmth seemed to caress her skin, tempting her to fall back into the peaceful deep sleep she was trying to drag herself from, but her will won and soon enough, her eyes fluttered open. The room was dimly lit by the flickering light of a fire somewhere beyond Igraine's line of sight, and she laid in the comfortable bed trying to recall where she was. A shiver ran down her spine as the memories slowly trickled back to her. The net, the water, Sparky. Her eyebrows knitted together in confusion while she tried sitting up, only grimace in pain as her whole body gave off a dull ache, like a bruise that has been poked.

Opting to just lift her head over the fur blankets, Igraine found that she was in a bed nestled in a wall in the room filled with about ten Terrible Terrors, explaining why she was so warm. The walls of the spacious room seemed to be made of stone, giving Igraine sense that this was made inside a cavern, and she could see the hearth across the room as well as some chairs and a desk but other than that, it was pretty barren. Except for the giant Skrill curled up at the foot of the bed.

Relief flooded through Igraine, drowning out the pain for a brief moment, before she croaked out. "Sparky?" Her throat was as dry as burnt grass, but Sparky's head popped up and he slowly slunk toward her, watching her carefully. "What happened? Are you," she coughed, "okay?"

"Raarrh." Sparky purred in curiosity as Igraine forced herself up on her elbows only to give a squeak as a stab of pain shot up her left arm, forcing her to put most of her weight on her right. She somehow managed to shift the covers away to reveal why her arm was hurting. It was wrapped loosely with bandaged from her wrist to her elbow and then had a leather arm brace painted to look like a Terrible Terror's scales. She couldn't recall what had happened but moved more carefully, swinging her legs out to the stone cold floor to reveal another painful surprise. When her right foot met the floor, Igraine felt tears spring in her eyes at the sharp, throbbing hurt that seemed to echo from her leg throughout her whole body.

"What...is that?" Igraine muttered, looking down at the bulky thing attached to her sore foot. It seemed like there were two large splints on either side of her leg held there by a tight leather wrap that went around her foot as a make shift cast. The Terrible Terrors watched as Igraine held on to Sparky's neck and together they walked over to the opening with fur hanging from it as a door, her hopping on her left foot the entire way.

The sun was shining brightly outside, letting Igraine see that the home was indeed inside a mountain cave and the mountain seemed to circle around itself, offering a protected island in the middle that Igraine could see from her ledge two Deadly Nadders up. Thankfully, Sparky let Igraine climb on his back and hold on as he flew down and Igraine felt a bit relieved to see Hiccup's saddle had made it through that crash. On the ground, she followed Sparky through the sparse woods to a meadow with a waterfall filled with all sorts of dragons and one Igraine had never seen before. It was ginormous, and that was just laying down, with snow white fur and a head frill. It's tusks had darkened tips but that merely added to his beauty. It looked like an over-sized dog with pearly white wings and shaggy fur around it's muzzle.

Upon their approach, the beastly dragon turned his regal head towards them and Sparky surprised Igraine by bowing, being cautious of Igraine's balance. In a mixture of shock and awe, Igraine met the dragon's golden eyes and felt it. She could feel his peaceful authority, politely demanding respect from her and she obliged before she even knew what she was doing, silently putting a fist over her heart and bowing as her people did. When she righted, Sparky was giving her a questioning look but what was weird was, at the back of her mind, she could feel his curiosity.

On a whim, Igraine reached out to it with her mind and Sparky let out a surprised huff as their minds touched, briefly showing the other what they were thinking. She looked from Sparky to the beast, realizing just who his was. "You're the alpha." The dragon slowly closed and opened his eyes as a way of saying yes. Disbelief ran through her as she readjusted her grip on Sparky, wondering just what was happening. It was as if...she was connected to them like any other dragon.

Sparky's head turned to a cliff to the right of the alpha and Igraine followed to see a person-or she thought it was a person-dressed in leather armor painted to look like dragon skin and a mask styled after a dragon, complete with thin horns and tusks. Igraine was immediately put on edge but Sparky sent her calming feelings with an obvious message; friend._

"Um...Who are you?" Igraine called out, giving Sparky a worried glance that he countered with a reassured purr. The person merely tilted their head as if they forgot what humans looked like.
"What...What happened to me? To Sparky?"

At this, the person hopped from their ledge and walked toward them slowly before they removed their mask. It was a woman, about her mother's age, with a long face and familiar looking hazel eyes. The woman opened her mouth to speak but didn't for a few minutes before slowly talking, her voice soft, "You fell into the ocean."

"But why? What caught us?"

"Dragon trappers," The woman said as she studied Igraine. "I...I saved you and your dragon. Where are you from?"

"I'm from the Hanok tribe, Igraine the Cold." She gave a small head bow, unsure of how to continue the conversation.

"Valka." Valka turned her attention to Sparky. "Where did you learn

how to ride dragons?"

"My boyfriend taught me." She answered, careful about how much information she should share. "What dragon trappers?"

Valka paused, no doubt having the same dilemma. "Drago Bludvist is creating a dragon army, he's capturing these poor dragons to use them."

"Why?" Igraine asked.

"I...I don't know, but I've been saving them."

"Well, thank you for saving us...What happened to my arm and leg?"

"In your fall, you cut your arm badly on one of the Skrill's spikes but it's healing cleanly. You also broke your foot and I'm afraid you won't be able to fly for another month or so."

"But, I have to get back to my dad and mom." Igraine pleaded, feeling a sense of hopelessness wash over her.

"I'm sorry." Valka said earnestly though there was clear distrust in her eyes.

Igraine sighed, "I hope Hiccup will be alright." It was more to herself, knowing this would be another wound of someone close to him leaving after his mother.

"Hiccup..." Valka's eyes went wide. "Did you say Hiccup? As...As in Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the third?"

"Um, yeah."

"How," she proceeded to get close to Igraine. "do you know him?"

"He's m-my boyfriend, why?" Igraine said, startled at her sudden interest but then it dawned on her. "You have the same eyes...You're his mother!"

Valka nodded, looking away as if guilty of something. "Yes."

"This is amazing-we have to tell him! He'd be so happy!"

"I can't...You can't, you won't be able to fly for another six weeks." Valka said, avoiding the obvious.

"How long have I been asleep?" Igraine asked with a sudden sense of dread.

"You've been in and out for the past week."

Igraine groaned, "Oh no, they probably think I'm dead already...Is there anyway I can leave early?" She got her answer when Sparky shifted and she nearly fell on her face instead of put weight on her broken foot. "Okay, guess not."

"You...You can stay here and while you heal, I can teach you about

dragons." Valka offered nervously, smoothing back her braided brown hair.

"I guess, but only until I heal." Igraine conceded. "But why don't you want to see your son?"

"He's...He's better off without me." She said sadly.

Igraine knew the look on Valka's face; it was a hopeless one she was all too familiar with. Valka honestly thought she didn't have a place at home anymore. Well, that just meant Igraine would have to spend the remainder of the time here proving her wrong.

17. Chapter 17

The first week was a bit tough for Igraine as she couldn't shake the homesickness and loneliness. She missed Hiccup and her parents dearly but Valka, after getting to know Igraine and trusting her, tried her best to help Igraine feel at home. The motherly woman taught Igraine all about the Bewilderbeat, the alpha she had met her first day, and secrets about Sparky she never knew. Like if you rub a spot under his head frill, it lays back like Toothless's ears with enough room for her to lay, giving her protection when flying in to flames or water. The rescued dragons instantly welcomed Igraine into their circle, often helping her get around without hurting her foot, and even Valka was surprised at the enthusiasm the baby dragons showed when playing with her.

The second and third week flew by as the two girls slowly discovered that Igraine could sense more than just Sparky. She could sense every one individually like she truly was one of them. They tested just how far her ability went to find out that, with enough concentration, she could communicate with them mentally much to their amazement. By the fourth week, Valka and Igraine had moved from dragons to her powers and she taught Valka just as she taught Hiccup and Valka explained why she stayed there, to protect the dragons from slavery. It sprouted an idea in Igraine's head that only solidified as she conversed with the dragons that had lost limbs from the dragon trappers.

When it was finally time to take off her casts, Igraine had made her decision. Valka silently unwrapped Igraine's foot from it's bindings and watched with a small smile as Igraine slowly put weight on it. There was no pain and she slowly rotated her ankle before grinning and walking forward. Her foot was healed!

"I suppose this means you'll be going home, then?" Valka asked, disappointment shining in her eyes.

Igraine didn't answer at first, too busy digging her toes in the grass. In the back of her mind, she could feel Sparky's unease. "...Well, I've been thinking and...I don't see any harm in staying here and helping you for a bit longer. Plus, I could always drop by and let them know I'm okay in the morning before coming back right?"

"Are you sure?" Valka looked concerned in a motherly sort of way. Igraine couldn't help but smile at how their relationship had developed into a mother-daughter dynamic with little effort. "You

don't have to stay..."

"I want to." And so she did, for another month to be exact. Valka helped train her in fighting and eventually let Igraine help raid Eret, the dragon trapper,'s boat. Though she did miss Hiccup dearly, there was just something willing her to stay and help these poor dragons and Igraine couldn't tell if it was the Alpha influencing her or her own conscious but she was fairly certain it was the Bewilderbeast keeping her from leaving. Like it or not, Igraine coludn't disobey the Alpha as much as any other dragon and she found she didn't mind, he was a very kind leader.

She never forgot Hiccup or her parents though, as she told Valka stories of her son every night and even showed her what Hiccup had taught her about inventing. With her knowledge, Igraine even made her own goggles of shredded dragon scales that glistened like opals on one side and were see through on the other. Her clothes were now similar to Valka's except she wore no armor and merely a deep purple dress with only one long sleeve that ended midthigh, a black leather waist corset painted to look like a Skrill's scales, and black leather boots that held hidden daggers. Coupled with her dragon goggles and the leather arm brace on her bare arm, she looked as viking as she ever had before.

It only added to her confidence, especially for today. Today was the day Valka let Igraine perform a raid by herself. She was a bundle of nerves but Valka merely gave her a proud smile before watching her fly away from their hidden island surrounded by ice, courtesy of the ice breathing Bewilderbeast. Okay, buddy, we can do this. Igraine thought towards Sparky who purred excitedly in response. They flew across the open skies, searching for Eret's boat. Eret was a young man under Drago's reign who went and captured the dragons but Igraine knew it was out of fear more than anything.

That's why she went easy on them all the time. It wasn't completely their fault they followed the rule of a madman. Igraine shrugged to herself as the wind whipped her long hair behind her before spotting his boat down on the water in a flurry of ativity. It seemed they had already caught some, Igraine mused before patting Sparky's neck. Remember the plan, stay out of sight and wait for my cues. Down, Sparky.

Through relentless training, Sparky and Igraine had developed commands and signs between the two that came in handy at moments like this. With his rider's urging, Sparky picked up speed and flew to the back of the boat, careful at staying out of sight. Igraine nudged his side with her foot gently, signalling for him to drop down towards the water. Sparky was still a bit antsy around water but he remained level as he moved as close to the boat as he could while gliding. Igraine hurried off of her saddle and took hold of the edge of the boat as Sparky dropped back, leaving her to find footing on the side of the wood to climb up as silently as possible.

Sparky returned to the sky while his rider skillfully made her way in the ship only to stop dead in her tracks, a whirl wind of emotion freezing her in place. Tied up next to his dragon on deck was none other than a worried looking Hiccup. He hadn't noticed her, giving her a minute to sort out what she was feeling. A large crushing weight of guilt, joy at seeing him, anger at seeing him as a captive, and relief at the fact that he seemed alright. Toothless looked her

way, no doubt sensing her emotions, and it snapped Igraine out of her mess to remember why she was here.

Back to business, she quickly surveyed what was happening; Astrid, Stoick, Snotlout, Fightlegs, and the twins had all seemed to get captured with their dragons as well while the cocky looking Eret smoothed back his dark hair with a smirk on his face that Igraine suddenly wanted to punch off. A quick glance up at the sky showed Sparky was successfully hidden within the clouds before Igraine slowly snuck over to Hiccup, thankful he wouldn't be able to recognize her with her goggles. The boy she knew had changed in the half of the year she'd been gone, he'd not only grown taller it seemed but he had thinned out, lost some of his childlike features in exchange for muscle and he now wore black leather armor on his chest, arm bracers, and an improved prosthetic that made him look more and more like his own dragon that Igraine had to fight to keep her face blank.

Realizing her boyfriend was staring at her in confusion while she studied him, Igraine went back to work, pulling out one of her bronze daggers and kneeling down to cut at the rope wrapped tightly around his chest. She kept one ear on the laughing of the 'victorious' dragon trappers behind her and one ear on the captives in case they blew her cover but soon found herself distracted when she met Hiccup's gaze. His hazel eyes sparkled with wonder and...and hope. Igraine was too caught up in wondering if he suspected to hear the laughter die down and footsteps approach until Hiccup's face morphed into panic and a gruff hand pulled her up by the hair at the base of her neck. Biting her lip to keep from crying out in pain, she had no choice but to drop her dagger near Hiccup and let the Gaelic looking viking lead her to the tall, muscled Eret who smirked.

He scratched his chin which had tribal markings on it. "Well, well, this day just keeps getting better. We caught ourselves another one! Hold her still."

Igraine tried not to panic as the man holding her pinned her arms behind her back and Eret grabbed her chin, tilting her head this way and that to study the goggles. "Those are neat, mind if I take them?"

"Yes actually." Igraine responded coolly.

"Oh, she talks! That's a first." Eret grinned. "Now, babe, why don't you just surrender whatever dragon brought you here and we won't hurt you."

"You underestimate me. And you really shouldn't." Igraine then let out a high pitched whistle.

"Ooooh, you can whistle, I'm shaking!" Eret's laugh was cut off as a black blur moved behind Igraine, snatching up one of his men and making Igraine's hair blow away from her. "Was that...Was that a Night Fury?"

"Would you like to find out?" Igraine whistled again and soon Eret was snatched up as well, rocking the boat dangerously. "Now, if you would all please lock yourselves in the bottom of the ship or you'll meet a very angry dragon." The men shared uneasy glances and a few even stepped towards Igraine until she began to whistle. They made a

run for the hatch, leaving Igraine on deck alone. She smirked before locking them in and taking out her other knife, releasing everyone from their bonds but saving Hiccup for last.

Author's Note: okay, guys, the silence for this chapter is unnerving me. What do you guys think? Too vague? I didn't want to bore you guys with any more filler chapters but if you guys don't think this is written well or something, I can always rewrite it. Just let me know.~Alizarin

18. Chapter 18

Hiccup couldn't breath. Not only had he gotten his friends and family captured, but he was out of ideas on how to save them. And just who was this arrogant guy anyway?! The now 16 year old viking struggled against his bindings as his friends did the same in their spot on the enemy boat. He met Toothless's gaze beside them, grasping at thin air for an idea, any idea. But he didn't need one, it seemed, as a stranger walked toward him. It was a young girl with a slender build and platinum blonde hair that hung to her waist. Her face was partly covered by brass goggles with lenses that Hiccup had never seen before. They glinted like pearls in the sunlight.

The stranger seemed oddly familiar to Hiccup and his eyebrows bunched together as he studied her, noticing the leather arm bracer on her left forearm. What was even more confusing was the fact that the stranger had been standing before him in silence for nearly a minute before she seemed to snap out of whatever it was and pulled a shiny brass dagger out of her boot before kneeling down and working on the ropes. Up close, Hiccup was able to see a bit more of her face, such as her pink lips and small, pointed nose sprinkled with freckles. Her lenses, upon further inspection, were actually comprised of layered dragon scales.

Hope burned through Hiccup that he wasn't entirely prepared for but he couldn't deny it, this girl had Igraine's hair, her fashion sense, and Hiccup hoped beyond hope that behind those goggles, she'd have Igraine's blue eyes. Her lips twitched, as if she was fighting a smile and Hiccup knew beyond a doubt that this was Igraine. But everything was put on hold as he noticed one of the trapper's heading towards her. He opened his mouth to warn her but was too late and the man dragged her away. Hiccup watched in desperation as Eret, son of Eret, tried intimidating her. Even then, Igraine didn't back down. She seemed to glow with a new found confidence and strength that matched her hoydenish outfit. It suited her.

"Well, well, this day just keeps getting better. We caught ourselves another one! Hold her still." Hiccup let out a low growl as he struggled against the ropes, watching in frustration as Eret touched Igraine. Her lip curled in response to his man handling. "Those are neat, mind if I take them?"

"Yes, actually." That was Igraine's voice! She was alive!

"Oh, she talks! That's a first." First? Had they met before? "Now, babe, why don't you just surrender whatever dragon brought you here and we won't hurt you."

Hiccup was too busy wondering why he was talking as if she had more

than one dragon to pay attention to Eret's use of babe. But he certainly paid attention to Igraine's response. "You underestimate me. And you really shouldn't." She then proceeded to give out a high-pitched whistle.

"Ooooh, you can whistle, I'm shaking!" Eret began laughing until he stopped cold, no doubt hearing the sonic-like sound they all did before a dark, small dragon blurred by, taking Igraine's captor with it. "Was that...Was that a Night Fury?"

Even Hiccup thought it was, but that didn't seem right. What happened to Sparky? "Want to find out?" Igraine taunted with a smirk on her face. She whistled once more, watching in satisfaction as Eret was taken away and her hair whipped about. The boat rocked with the force of the wind but Igraine stood steadily. "Now, if you would all please lock yourselves in the ship or you'll meet a very angry dragon." Hiccup watched as the men shared uneasy glances, no doubt wondering if they should fight, but when Igraine began her whistle, they ran like scolded dogs into the belly of the ship and she locked them in.

There was a tense silence in which Igraine silently untied his friends and the dragons, saving him purposefully for last. He couldn't quit looking at this stranger in front of him, wondering if this was actually happening. She stood up when the ropes fell from Hiccup's chest and waited, nervously shifting her weight from foot to foot as he stood, just looking at her with awe. His friends were silent and he could feel their eyes on him as he slowly grasped the edges of her goggles and moved them up to rest on her scalp, revealing crystal blue eyes filled with conflicting emotions.

Relief flooded through Hiccup. Igraine was here, alive and well, standing before him. He wanted nothing more than to kiss her then and there but he couldn't move, he was frozen in place by the fear that this was all a dream. Igraine took a small step back, eyes shifting to her feet in a manner that reminded Hiccup of a cornered animal. "Say something." She whispered, her voice catching.

He didn't and instead took a step towards her, letting his hands rest on her soft cheeks. It seemed too real to be a dream but Hiccup had spent the past six months with false hope that he was scared to believe it. "Just say something Hiccup, I know you're mad." Igraine whispered again.

"I've missed you." Hiccup pulled her into a tight hug, breathing in her ocean scent. Igraine stiffened before hesitantly returning the hug. "Don't leave me again."

She nodded, hiding her face in his chest since he was now a full head taller than her and Hiccup knew she was struggling not to cry. "I won't. I'm sorry."

"Igraine! Yer alive!" Stoick broke the awkward silence of his friends and happily approached the reunited couple, patting her affectionately on her back. "What have you been doing all this time?"

Igraine stepped back from Hiccup when she was composed, her face a careful mask of polite friendliness. Hiccup held her hand, afraid to let go of her in case she vanished again. "I, uh, I spent the first

few months healing..."

"Healing? From what?" Fishlegs asked.

"It's-it's a long story." When the Hairy Hooligans vikings gave her a look, she hesitantly continued as if she was guarding the information she revealed. "On the way home...These guys shot Sparky and I down and we fell into the ocean. I broke my leg and cut my arm. "She lifted the arm with the leather bracer slightly.

"Did it leave a scar? Scars are hot." Tuffnut grinned but dropped it when Hiccup gave him a playful glare.

"Uh, yeah actually." Igraine said.

"How'd you heal if you fell into the middle of the ocean?" Astrid asked, devoid of any of her usual snark she would have given Igraine. It surprised his girlfriend but not Hiccup, he knew Astrid had moved on.

"Well, Va—" Igraine stopped herself before covering it up by speaking quickly, "another dragon rider rescued me and I stayed with her until I could walk and ride again..."

Hiccup asked the question everyone was avoiding, "Why didn't you come home?" His voice was soft as he used his dragon taming tone.

"I...I couldn't Hiccup—and I know that sounds totally bizarre but...I physically couldn't. He wouldn't let me because they needed me." She blurted out, forgetting to be careful of her words.

"Who wouldn't let you?" His voice developed an edge to it when there was a mention of someone forcing Igraine to stay away. "Who needed you?"

"The dragons, Hiccup. Most of them are like Toothless, but they loose whole wings or legs and she couldn't do it alone her entire life. The Alpha knew I could help so he made me stay and...and I can't disobey him..."

Hiccup was speechless for a moment until Toothless whined in agreement. His dragon seemed to understand what Igraine was saying and gave Hiccup a knowing look. "...Like Red Death?"

Toothless looked at Igraine while something passed between them before Igraine nodded. "Yes, like her but this isn't out of fear. He's nice and he's trying to protect his keep. Please, Hiccup, if I was able to, I would have but—"

"I don't understand, and I don't think I ever will, but I forgive you." Hiccup gave her an earnest look, ready to let go of his pent up anger. Relief softened Igraine's features and she gave a low-pitched whistle. "Speaking of that whistle, do you have a Night Fury?"

Igraine giggled, "Nope, just a clever rouse." Sparky landed on the boat, dropped his two captives on the deck before noticing Hiccup and Toothless and giving them a fangy grin. "He hides and when I whistle, he generates lightning but doesn't shoot it to make the sonic sound and then flies towards me, tucking in his wings at the last minute to

appear smaller. "

"That's epic!" Ruffnut complimented.

"Thanks." Igraine looked at them all before looking back at the two shaken men. "Tell your boss he's going to have to send someone better than you to stop me from ruining his plans, Eret. And remember, fear is just a state of mind." She motioned for everyone to find their dragons and she climbed on Sparky's saddle, taking advantage of Hiccup's standing straps. "Look, I have some things to settle before I let you all in on everything I've been doing so...I'll meet you at Berk around sunset?"

Hiccup didn't want to let her go and it was obvious on his face. But he knew she needed to work things out and doing that with his group following would only make things difficult. "Sure. Just be safe."

"Always am." Igraine replied with a smirk. She took off, blowing him a kiss before Sparky flew into the distance, leaving Hiccup and his gang to fly back to Berk. On the way there, everyone talked animatedly amongst themselves about Igraine's reappearance but Hiccup didn't join in and Stoick gave his son a knowing smile.

Though Hiccup was feeling a sense of over-protection, there was a indescribable feeling of happiness at seeing the love of his life once more. Wait, did he just call her that? He was momentarily dumbfounded but soon grinned, thinking the title fitted Igraine perfectly. Hiccup didn't just spend six months nearly driving himself insane with worry and having to bandage his knuckles every three days over some fling. He loved Igraine.

19. Chapter 19

After getting permission from a very understanding Alpha, Igraine hurried back towards Berk on Sparky, feeling a bit guilty for not telling Valka. But she thought it best that both of them don't know in case Valka backed out. She shook her head before nervously chewing on her bottom lip, hoping everything would go well with her plan. Phase one, meet Hiccup at Berk and convince Stoick to let his son go with her alone. It should be easy enough.

Especially when she noticed Toothless and Hiccup waiting for her by the docks. She landed Sparky before flicking her wrist back the way she came, signalling for Sparky to leave. He did, making Hiccup give her a confused look that she responded with a smile. "Hey, you." Igraine said casually as she walked up to them, noting with amusement that his friends were nearby trying to inconspicuously spy on them and failing.

"Hey." Hiccup returned the smile, taking her hand as if she hadn't ran off for six months. "Why'd you send Sparky away?"

"Eh, I thought I could ride with you." Igraine winked. She was amazed at how naturally their flirting came back to them.

"About that...We have a small delay, nothing major." Hiccup began leading Igraine towards the Great Hall. She gave him an uneasy look. "I promised your dad that if I had gotten any information on you, to

find him. Well, I explained it all and they understand but they wanted to come see you before we left."

As Hiccup had said, standing before the doors were her anxious looking parents. But they had changed, just like everyone seemed to; time and stress had aged them. Frea's dark brown hair was streaked with grey and there were new wrinkles around her eyes but she looked as calm and regal as ever in her blue gown. Gunthrum had acquired wrinkles and grey hair as well and seemed to have lost some of his youthful energy. But the happiness and relief in their eyes when they saw her eased her worry; they were still her parents.

"Igraine." Gunthrum breathed, enveloping his daughter in a bone crushing hug. "Oh, lass, I'm so glad yer safe."

"Dad...Can't...Breath..." Igraine choked out. Her dad released her and Igraine stood awkwardly before her mom who just stared.

Frea's silence unnerved Igraine until her mother let out a small sob and embraced her daughter. "You had me so worried, don't do that ever again!" She snapped but Igraine knew the chastisement was her way of showing she loved her. Frea held her daughter at arms length, toying with her now very long hair. "Are you betrothed?"

"What? Oh, uh, no. I just grew it out." Igraine said awkwardly, glad Hiccup was too far away with Toothless to hear. Gunthrum hugged his wife and daughter and they all had a silent family reunion before Igraine stepped back towards Hiccup, taking his hand instinctively. "I have some...things...I need to show Hiccup."

Her parents shared an uncomfortable look. "Okay, but when you get the chance...Come home. Your mother and I need to have a talk with you."

Igraine didn't like that, not one bit, but she nodded anyway, gave them hugs goodbye, and then hopped on Toothless behind Hiccup. She wrapped her arms comfortably around his waist and rested her chin on his shoulder, "Head east please."

Hiccup complied, taking the opportunity to cruise east. They spent half of the ride in comfortable silence, Hiccup grazing her hand with his thumb or holding it occasionally while Igraine merely held on to him, never wanting to let go. The other half was spent with Igraine asking the awkward question that had been nagging her. "So...while I was gone...did you..."

She couldn't finish but she didn't need to. "Nope." Hiccup answered easily, turning to face her. "I threw myself into my work after a month of searching. You're very good at disappearing without a trace, ya know...Did you?" He eyed her long hair and Igraine was surprised he knew of the Hanok custom.

"No, not at all. I guess I should get my hair cut..."

"No, it looks nice. I like it like this." Hiccup smiled at her before surprising Igraine with a kiss. In that one moment, they told each other everything they never got the chance. It was full of passion, longing, need, and love, taking Igraine's breath away. He pulled back too quickly, no doubt taking Toothless feelings into consideration

though Igraine sensed the dragon was nothing but happy for the couple.

They shared a giddy smile and Hiccup gave a nervous laugh while scratching the back of his neck. "Um, see that giant ice glacier there? Go to the other side and enter from the cavern." Hiccup did as instructed, awe in his wide eyes at the magnificent structure. "The Alpha built it to keep us safe."

"Who is this Alpha, anyway?"

Toothless glanced back at Igraine but she merely shook her head, urging the dragon to find the Bewilderbeast with her mind. Despite Hiccup's steering, Toothless did as she asked and Hiccup gave her a bewildered look. "Sorry, it's just easier to communicate the way they do. But, um, you'll find out." They flew over the woodlands inside the glacier. "Land there." She pointed to the clearing with the waterfall where the Bewilderbeast lay.

Once they were both off Toothless, Igraine and the dragon respectfully approached the alpha and bowed. The giant snowy dragon blinked as a sign of recognition and Igraine motioned Hiccup over. "This is the alpha, he's a Bewilderbeast." Now for phase two, make her getaway before Valka came by. She pretended to hear something in the distance, a faint look of distress on her face. "Stay here, the baby dragons are fighting."

Toothless looked at her questioningly but she was already running off under the cover of the trees ignoring Hiccup's worried, "Igraine!" Sparky was waiting for her a ways away and she mounted him. "Well, that went smoothly. Let's hope Valka doesn't freak out. Anyway, head towards home buddy, the alpha's letting us visit."

Sparky purred happily before taking off into the brisk night air towards the Hanok lands. Her lands were much like Berk, the houses were made of stone and wood, they had many docks, but the chief's home wasn't near their Great Hall. Her home was high up on the only mountain on her island, nestled contently into the cavern system. Walking, Igraine had always hated it but now that she had a dragon, it was simple to fly close to the cliff that led to the living room and duck in there though Sparky had to stay outside.

Inside was the average cozy viking home decorated with furs and boar tusks but it lacked dragon skins, a new development that was no doubt in honour of Igraine's own dragon. Frean and Guntrhum were there on the couch, waiting for her. She gave them a small smile before sitting down in a chair by the fireplace. "Um, where do you guys want to start?"

"Hiccup already explained to us what had ahppened." Gunthrum began. "And though he's confused on why you couldn't leave...We aren't."

"What do you mean?"

Gunthrum gave his wife a look. "You're mother has something to tell you."

Frea looked uncomfortable for the second time that day. "...You know the seer's warning at your birth?" Igraine nodded. "Well, we left

some of it out..."

"All of it." Gunthrum corrected.

"So...You lied to me? No seer saw anything about me? I don't have to worry about a horrible death?"

"Not exactly." Igraine groaned. Frea shamefully continued. "I heard something the day of your birth when Skadi saved you. In the olden days when we still fought dragons, there was a prophecy that stated there would be a fight with the dragons that could end the world. When I held you in my arms, I heard her voice saying that you would become one with the enemies and you alone hold the fate of that battle in your hands."

"That day, she did more than bless you with magic. She gave you the soul and heart of a dragon. You can feel them, can't you?"

Igraine stumbled for words, trying to wrap her head around the new information. "Yes...Why lie to me?"

"We thought it best you and the villagers didn't know..." Frea tiptoed around the real reason.

"They would have killed you back then." Gunthrum deadpanned.

"But why Skadi? She's the Goddess of Winter." Yes, because that should be the most troubling thing to Igraine right now.

"We don't know, dear."

"On a lighter note, are you coming back home, lass?" Her dad asked, abruptly changing topics.

"If all goes well, I'll be staying after a few more days with Valka." Igraine didn't mean to, but the name slipped.

"Valka? As in Hiccup's mother?"

"Uh, yeah, she's alive. Hiccup's with her now, I'm reuniting the family." She grinned sheepishly. "But don't tell Stoick, I've got a plan."

Gunthrum mimicked sealing his lips while Frea rolled her eyes. "I'm glad you're back. You've changed so much." Her mother said, her hand trailing the new arm bracer Igraine wore.

"I had too because even if I didn't know it, I've got a war to fight...Mom, dad, what if it's dragons vs. humans? What do I do then?"

They were both silent for a moment before Frea answered wisely. "If it does come to dragons fighting against us, you do what you think is right. We'll support you no matter what."

"Unless you kill us. And then we'll shame your name up in Valhalla." Gunthrum grinned as Igraine gave them both hugs.

"I forgive you two for lying to me for 15 years." Igraine teased.

"And we forgive you for disappearing for six months." Frea smirked at her daughter before realizing they forgot something. "Oh, there was one other thing I need to ask. You missed your name day celebration and you haven't had your betrothal ceremony."

"Isn't it obvious the girl doesn't want to, she's dating Stoick's lad."

"It's tradition, she can't skip out on it! What would the people think?"

"Oh that I've just become an independent woman who doesn't need a man to fight for her?" Igraine offered but was given a sour look by her mother. "Okay, okay. We'll compromise. Mom can plan a celebration to welcome me back and we will still have the competition. But it's not a scavenger hunt anymore, and I'm competing too."

"But that's against the rules." Frea argued.

"It's either that, or it doesn't happen at all, mother dearest." Igraine grinned as her mother sighed in defeat. "Thank you. So, you two are okay with all of this?"

Gunthrum sighed and motioned Igraine over. He set her between them before saying, "No. Yer my little girl, Igraine, and I don't like how quickly you've grown up, but it's something yer mother and I will have to accept. Though we wish you could have done it without running away."

"Hey, I didn't run away, I was doing what was right. Just maybe not in the best way." Igraine defended herself but quickly became serious, looking between her parents. "I'll always be your guys' little girl, even when I'm married with-gods help me-children. I love you both."

"And we love you too." Frea smiled, giving her daughter a kiss on the head just as Gunthrum gave her a teary hug. "Are you crying, Gunthrum?"

"No, I just have something manly in my eye."

20. Chapter 20

Now for phase three. Igraine hopped on the hovering Sparky, sliding her feet once more into the standing straps, and hoped Valka was alright. She did just kind of send her long lost son into her home with no warning or back up. And now she was going to bring Stoick in the same night. Guilt slowly ate at her but it was for the best, other wise it'd never get done, and Igraine flew once more towards Berk. Okay, it wasn't all true that she felt bad for doing this. It kind of amused her in some odd, not-so-normal way that this was their family reunion after sixteen years. Plus, focusing on this kept her from thinking how awkward it was going to be to return to her own home and Igraine was grateful for that. She wasn't ready to face those emotions yet.

A gust of salty wind blew Igraine's hair back, momentarily stealing away her thoughts as she breathed in the air above the clouds. For a

brief moment, Igraine felt one with the wind, as if she was the one flying on it with it blowing past her own set of wings, feeling the cool air on the smooth surface of the scales. Peace settled over her as she sat down on Sparky's saddle and laid back, looking at the stars. Igraine realized with a start that what she was feeling was Sparky's thoughts and a grin spilt her face. Sparky purred before going higher into the brisk chilly North sky, making Igraine giggle but it faded. There was another feeling underneath the sense of fragile peace, a darker, more troublesome emotion that Igraine couldn't place. It was the feeling she used to get as a little girl right before a vicious storm would hit her village.

"We're riding in the eye of the storm, Sparky. I think we should enjoy it while we can." Igraine spoke softly while sitting back up, her peace shattered. "Who knows when this stupid war will break out."

Sparky huffed in frustration and Igraine couldn't help but agree. There was no time to dwell on the matter though as they were approaching Berk. Fishlegs and the twins were out flying about and she waved before steering her Skrill towards the Great Hall, figuring he'd be in there talking with Gobber and the other gruff vikings. Sparky landed, raising up a bit of cloudy dirt, and shifted his weight from foot to foot while Igraine dismounted and began walking towards the large door. "I'll be back soon, remember the plan, bud." She assured, walking backwards to look him in the eye before rushing into the Great Hall, morphing her features into a mask of barely collected panic. "Stoick?"

Her voice carried but didn't break through the sound of men's laughter as Stoick and his buddies hung out by the fire, most of them with large legs of mutton. Fighting the urge to roll her eyes in a guys kind of way, Igraine spoke louder. "Stoick, I think Hiccup's in trouble!"

That succeeded in gaining his attention. The bearded viking turned around from his friends and Igraine hoped her acting skills were still up to par. "What? What happened, Igraine?"

"I was showing him where I was staying and on the way down, Toothless's tail wing broke and they fell into a mountain. They're stuck and I can't find them!" Igraine gave a worried look, silently smirking to herself. She's a genius.

"Come on, lead us to the mountain. Gobber, you coming?" Hook, line, and sinker. Stoick bought it and Gobber turned his fork hand into a hammer hand before following Igraine outside.

Sparky was doing his part, looking anxious as he nervously twitched in front of the Great Hall. "I'll meet you guys up in the air." Stoick nodded and they ran off to the stables to get their dragons while Igraine gave Sparky a huge grin and a thumbs up when they were out of earshot. "They totally bought it."

With both rider and dragon feeling accomplished, they quickly rose into the night sky lit up by the moon and stars, hovering in wait for the chief and his right-changable man. She laughed at her own silly pun but quickly composed herself as Stoick and Gobber joined her. "Lead the way, girl."

Igraine did, careful of her facial expressions. They rode in tense silence but Igraine knew the only danger was Valka being furious at her. But how could she be? Igraine had just reunited her with her devilishly handsome son and now was delivering her love sick husband. What more could a woman who spent years living with dragons ask for? Okay, maybe the time spent without her family grounding her, Igraine had grown a bit too cocky for her own good. Nothing bad had come out of it yet, so Igraine didn't think anything of it for now. Her nerves began to resurface as they flew into her old glacier home and she led them towards Valka's humble cave. "If Hiccup was stranded, he'd seek shelter. I say we try here first."

Stoick and Gobber seemed to agree and they flew close to the entrance before hopping off and sneaking into the cave, acting as if a vicious boar might be waiting on the other side. Igraine stifled her giggles as she followed suit but a little behind so they'd all get time to see each other without her presence. And to keep Valka from automatically chewing her head off-not that the motherly woman would, but you never know with dragon riders. What she saw when she finally caught up was priceless. Hiccup stood off towards the bed with Toothless, watching in a sort of shocked, delighted state that gave Igraine the impression the mother-son bonding went well, whereas his mother looked frightened, as if she had seen a ghost.

Gobber was standing towards the archway leading into the cozy room, a smug smirk on his face under his facial hair and Igraine and him shared a look. He knew this was her doing and approved, making Igraine's grin that much more difficult to hide. Stoick was deathly silent with a slack, heart-breaking look of hope on his face as he stared at Valka. "Stoick..." Valka's voice broke the tense silence as Stoick slowly but surely advanced on his long lost wife who in turn began backing up. "Why aren't you saying anything? Yell, get mad, be angry! Stop being..So Stoick, Stoick!"

Soon enough, Valka backed up against the wall and Stoick was able to get close. There was a brief moment in which even Gobber looked nervous until Stoick spoke up. "You're as beautiful as the day I last saw you." He kissed her and Igraine couldn't hold back her smug grin.

Feeling completely accomplished with herself, Igraine slowly made her way over to Hiccup who noticed her and glared, stopping her grin short. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"I..." Igraine trailed off in bewilderment, not foreseeing Hiccup would be mad at her. "I didn't...I didn't know how and I thought...this would be better for Valka..."

She nearly cowered at the scowl she received before Hiccup suddenly grinned and pulled her into a hug. "I'm just pullin' your wing, Igraine."

"Oh, hehe." Igraine couldn't help but giggle nervously, returning the hug until Stoick and Valka once again caught their attention without meaning to.

"Come back home, Valka." Stoick pleaded.

"I can't leave the dragons here..."

"We can you help you help them." Hiccup countered, looking at Igraine for support.

Valka glanced at them and Igraine gave her an encouraging smile.
"Berk wouldn't -"

"Would be happy to take them in." Igraine assured. "Gobber and Hiccup can even make prosthetic for some."

Five minutes passed in which Valka remained silent. Igraine couldn't even fathom what the woman must feel, probably cornered like a wounded dragon and panicky. That's what Igraine thought at least. But Valka slowly nodded her head yes, that flight or fight look never leaving her eyes until Stoick wrapped her in a hug. Igraine smiled softly before turning to Hiccup. "Well, you get her settled in for me."

"You aren't coming with?" He asked with a bit of appointment. It made Igraine happy to know he'd miss her.

"No, I have to go back to my parents. But don't worry, I'll be by to visit you in a few days after I get settled in." She promised, kissing his cheek gently.

"You better, I have so much to show you."

Igraine raised an eyebrow but Hiccup merely grinned. He chuckled as the pale viking pouted before kissing her again. Igraine could feel him watching her as she exited the cave and hopped back on Sparky, giving her butterflies. Sparky whined in question while he flew back up to the sky for the last time that night. She patted his neck affectionately, choosing not to break the peaceful silence and instead replayed the images in her mind, letting Sparky see. It worked out perfectly, making Igraine wonder what was going to go wrong; something always went wrong. Then there was the questions she had about this battle she'd fight in. Maybe her mother could help, after all her seior lessons still weren't finished and she could use some refreshers on divination. Of course, that was if she could drag her mother out of her party planning, Igraine thought, rolling her eyes with a happy smirk.

All was well for now, and that was something Igraine shouldn't waste on stressing out.

Author's Note: Okay guys, I have a question. There are scenes that I want to write that focuses on normal life that I think will be amusing or interesting but I'm worried you guys might want me to skip all those and get right to the action. So what do you want me to do? I could always do a bit of both....~Alizarin

21. Chapter 21

Igraine slid her feet into a pair of brown leather boots and stood, brushing off invisible dirt from her black skirt with white fur trim. This morning, she felt at peace, kind of like the calming blue of her tunic, as she headed out of her dark colored room and towards the dining room. Her mother was already there and Igraine took a seat across from her before filling her plate with fruit and some boar meat, casually asking, "Hey mom, I had something to ask you." No

response, Frea didn't look up from her lap. "Mom? Earth to mother! Frea~!" Igraine sing-songed.

"What? Oh, Igraine, do you want the Batavi tribe to attend? I hear the heir is rather cute." Frea asked, completely oblivious to Igraine's previous question.

"I've been here two days and she's already planning the party." She deadpanned to her father who laughed as he joined them at the head of the table. "I don't care, I'll be wining anyway."

Her mother gave her a sour look. "You really shouldn't be competing." She sighed and put the piece of parchment she was studying on the table. Upon closer inspection of her mother's graceful handwriting, it proved to be a list of people to invite. The Berk tribe was at the top, making Igraine smile. "I guess I'm not going to talk you out of it. I'm afraid to ask, but have you decided on the tournament?"

"Yupp." She replied easily, popping the p_. "It's going to be a capture the flag event. Dad will do the honors hiding the flag on Cedar Isle."

"The rules?" Frea asked reluctantly, knowing her daughter well enough to foresee Igraine stacking the odds in her favor.

"No giving opponents serious injuries or bystanders aiding. Other than that, you're free to use your resources." Igraine had a devilish smirk on her face before she recalled what she wanted in the first place. "Oh, mom, I need to ask you something. Can I borrow your Grimmerie? I need it for a divination ritual."

"Of course dear, you need to start making your own." Frea hinted.

"I will." Igraine promised while running upstairs to fetch a weathered leather bound book with a raven in flight engraved upon it. Runes bordered the book, marking it as sacred. She ran back downstairs with the book, calling out, "See you!" before hurrying down the mountain peak to the uninhabited side of Arbor Island.

The first day of her return was spent in a tense state for Igraine as her fellow Hanok vikings, whom had previously avoided her like the plague, welcomed her home and befriended her. She had put on a friendly facade though she still was unsure. At the end of the day, she had decided to roll with it since the same thing had happened at Berk; seemed vikings nowadays were as bipolar as certain dragons. So this moment of solitude was a breath of fresh air. Especially when she broke out of the trees and stepped on the sandy shores of the bank to see Sparky laying in his nest he had made yesterday.

Her dragon looked up at her arrival and stood, his tail gently swooshing back and forth in the pale sand. She grinned at him, petting his head briefly before walking to the edge of the bank where the water was inches from her boots. Sparky settled in on his hind legs beside her, watching as Igraine looked out to the horizon and could see the woodland covered Cedar Isle, just a spot of green against the morning sun, far out. Beyond that was Berk, too far away for Igraine to see but knowing Hiccup was just a flight away brought a sense of content to her. There was always going to be a place to escape to if she couldn't handle her new-found social status

here.

The smell of the cool, salty blue sea lulled Igraine into a serene state as she began working, Sparky watching with his head cocked to the side. First, she gathered up a pile of smooth, grey-blue rocks and made a circle large enough for her to sit in plus another foot in the grainy pearl-colored sand. Then she sat lotus style in the ring, spreading the Grimmerie out on in front of her, trailing her finger tips upon the rough yellowed parchment painted with black ink. The words were in Runes, magic's language, and written in her mother's handwriting, though it was a bit more rough. Her mother had made this when she was eleven.

Flipping the fragile pages carefully, Igraine quickly read over the titles on each page before finding the one she wanted: Rune Divination-Variations. Contrary to the divination practices with Rune stones, this chapter focused on other forms involving the symbols such as the ritual Igraine was about to perform.

Stoneless Rune Divination is a form upon which the seior enters a trance-like state brought on by meditation and the runes appear before the seior, brought into existence by the images seen by the seior after the invocation of the chosen god or goddess.

Igraine read the steps silently, wondering which deity would be best to call. Skadi was her patron goddess and the giver of her prophecy, but this didn't seem like her strong suit. She needed a god or goddess of war since it was about one. Frejya would be best since she was the goddess of war and divination; ironic since it was her mother's patron goddess. With a small smirk, Igraine placed aside the old book before resting her hands palm up on her knees and closed her eyes, slowing her breathing to match the gentle rhythmic crash of the waves against the shore. She felt the movement of Sparky and assumed he had curled up to sleep once more, not being a morning dragon, before she forced herself to focus, saying in a revered whisper, "Frejya, I invoke thee. Guide me in foreseeing the future of my people and the prophecy placed upon me."

There was no sudden jolt of magical energy or change in her state of mind, instead it was more of a gradual slipping into a dreamy state, similar to the slow descent into sleep. Her muscles slowly relaxed and she seemed to drift in a sea of blackness until sparks of color filled the void, weakly taking shape. Igraine struggled to make the picture clearly until she was suddenly pulled into a vision, the action startling her. All around her was the angry red glow of fire as viking homes were being burnt to ashes. Screams filled the air, both dragon and human, setting her teeth on edge while the vision expanded, showing Igraine Arbor Island, her island, under attack.

Dragons flew in the sky, mindlessly attacking her people with fire or acid while the pet dragons seemed to wail in pain until one by one joining their brethren in the slaughter. The image suddenly changed, throwing Igraine off as the colors blurred together like water was thrown on them before solidifying once more into an even more shocking scene. Standing on the tusk of a dark colored Bewilderbeast was...her. It was like looking in the mirror; same pale hair but braided back, same slender figure, just clad in a black dress with more armor than she'd ever wear, same blue eyes with strange pupils, slitted like a reptile's. Vision Igraine had a blank look on her face

as she walked along the tusk to where a panicked and battle-worn Hiccup was barely hanging on. Hiccup's mouth moved, pleading Vision Igraine with words the seior couldn't here and Vision Igraine merely blinked before stepped on his arms that was the only thing keeping him from falling to his death.

"Hey, guys, there she is!" A loud male voice startled Igraine from the vision, leaving her feeling as if she had just been doused with a bucket of icy sea water. "Igraine!"

She snapped her eyes open, squinting as they adjusted to the sudden brightness, and was surprised to find her hand had moved without her notice. It was hovered four inches away from the sand in front of the nearly shaking girl and when she moved it, Igraine noticed that a rune had been drawn there. A vertical line with two other lines coming to a point, forming a triangle positioned in the middle of the original line. Thurisaz, a rune depicting chaos and true will. She did not like where this was going, but wasn't given time to dwell on it any longer as a group of teenagers around her age ran up, disturbing Sparky and her in the process.

"Igraine, didn't you hear us calling?" A well-built girl with short ginger curls asked, leaning against her axe. This was Skuld, one of the toughest viking within their small group. It was weird to consider herself apart of their group.

"No, sorry I was just..." Igraine trailed off, not sure how to finish.

"Seior stuff, cool!" Bog, the average male viking with three missing fingers on his right hand, exclaimed. In the past, he would have called her a freak, but now he was all for studying anything magical she did. Like now, as his brown eyes scanned her ring of stones and the rune.

"Um, yeah." Igraine stood, kicking sand over the rune and looking the five teens in front of her. "Did you guys need something?"

"We just wanted to hang out," That was the soft spoken Dotta who could wield a sword like no other. She was the tallest of their group with black hair around her shoulders. Huh, looks like she got engaged while Igraine was away.

Igraine raised an eyebrow as Ludin and Grim nodded in agreement. Ludin was the younger brother of Grim and probably the closest one to a friend that Igraine had. Always stuck in his perfect viking of a brother's shadow, Ludin had left Igraine alone, even being nice enough to warn her when his brother was planning some prank a few times. Grim on the other hand was the one she was weary of the most. He was muscular and a skilled warrior though a bit dim-witted; Ludin was the complete opposite. Not necessarily the runt, Ludin was sufficient enough in combat and seemed to be intellectually inclined based on what Igraine had observed.

"Sure, I guess."

"Epic!" Grim smirked.

Ludin gave Igraine a small smile before Dotta spoke up, "Hey, let's go to the Square, I've got something cool to show you guys."

The walk to the village's center was an awkward one for Igraine as she had told Sparky to stay where he was in case some of the vikings were still gitterish with the idea of dragon riding and was left alone with her new friends. It seemed Arbor wasn't taking to the dragons like Berk had. So she followed in awkward silence next to the chestnut haired Ludin as the other vikings rough-housed the entire way, Grim tripping Bog who in turn swung his hammer only to nearly take Dotta's head off. She retaliated by tackling him and they rolled into Skuld who proceeded to hit them both with the blunt side of her axe. It was a slow journey as they had to stop every five minutes to let the rowdy vikings pick themselves up.

Author's Note: So, how you guys like her new gang? I love the viking names, especially Skuld. Anyway, I just wanted to let you guys know that I wrote this chapter while snuggling with my big Toothless plushie. That is all. ~Alizarin.

22. Chapter 22

Rain dinged angrily on the large wooden and metal doors and Igraine let out a sigh as she eased herself into her chair beside her father's at the Chief's Table inside the Meade Hall. It had been three agonizing hours since most of the village had been holed up in the cavernous dining area nestled inside the base of the mountain, making Igraine itch with claustrophobia. A vicious hail storm had brewed over Arbor the previous night and had hit with devastating force a few hours before sunrise. Her father had luckily planned ahead, telling Frea to take care of the vikings in the Meade Hall-which was over half the village- while he took a handful of volunteers to watch over the animals in their barn.

Being the only domesticated dragon on the island, Sparky was nearly forced to the barn until she had intervened and now he was curled up in front of the over-sized wooden table, anxiously shifting his posture every few seconds. He wanted to be out of here as badly as her but he wanted to be riding in the storm. She had no objections as she was planning on seeing Hiccup today, but both her parents put their foots down and wouldn't let her go. With a heavy sigh, Igraine gazed out at the vikings, feeling blessed and not for the first time since she was shut in. Her newly made friends had thankfully not thought to seek her out, leaving her alone with her thoughts and whatever she had managed to stuff in her leather satchel before being dragged her by mother. Instead, they were crowded around Dotta's new dagger her father had given her as a present.

What worried Igraine was the gaggle of women surrounding her mother all talking in hushed voices and passing around sheets of paper. They were no doubt coming up with more ways to torture Igraine at the celebration that was scheduled in four days. How her mother managed to plan it all in just a week before, Igraine had no idea. She eyed them suspiciously a bit more but found nothing of interest and began digging in her bag, dumping out the contents; loose sheets of parchment, a hair ribbon that Igraine never wore nor knew how it got in there, a neatly bound book that was serving as her personal journal, charcoal pencils, and, surprisingly, her dragon scale goggles.

Setting the goggles carefully to the side, Igraine mused at what she

should do before Sparky huffed, catching her eye. A crushing sense of need washed over her and Igraine shook her head, coming back to her own feelings instead of the dragon's. Sparky couldn't stay here, that much was certain, so Igraine decided to send him out on an errand. She pulled a piece of parchment her way and began to write a note:

Dear Hiccup,

_How's the weather in Berk? Hope you all are safe; a storm's blasting Arbor to pieces. Don't worry though, I'm safely locked away. Just wanted to let you know I'll be flying by first chance I get—which might be a few days considering the storm doesn't look like it'll end quickly. Oh, and the celebration is in four days. I know this might upset you, but I couldn't wiggle my way out of it. Mom's making me have that stupid competition. On the bright side, I get to compete for myself though! Anyway, wishing you well and give Toothless a good chin scratch for me. _

Love,

_Igraine. _

She was about to roll up the piece of parchment when the goggles caught her eye and a thought occurred to Igraine. What better time to gather the supplies to test her idea then now? Adding a quick: _P.S- If you don't mind sending any of Toothless's shredded scales with Sparky, I'd appreciate it. _Satisfied, Igraine rolled up the parchment and tied it with the blue ribbon before stuffing it in her satchel and hopping from the large wooden chair. "Mother, do you need anything delivered to Berk?" She called while walking around the table to Sparky.

"Yes, take this invitation." Her mother gracefully rose from her spot amongst the viking ladies and handed another rolled parchment. Igraine set it inside the leather bag and strapped it snugly to Sparky's saddle. "You aren't going out, are you?"

"No, but Sparky can't stand it in here so I'm sending him to Berk." As she spoke, Sparky sent waves of gratitude as he excitedly followed her to the front door. "Now, be careful. Take the satchel to Hiccup in Berk. Stop by to pay our respects to the Alpha. And then straight back here. Got it?" Sparky nodded and Igraine opened the door, feeling the sting of small bits of hail on her cheeks before Sparky took flight. A flash of lightning in the sky confirmed he was okay and she quickly closed the door.

Feeling a sense of loneliness, Igraine made her way back to the table and rested her head on the cool leather of her journal. Without any other distractions, the memory of that vision began creeping back upon Igraine, making her frown. It was horrible, but none of it made sense. She'd never turn on Hiccup let alone her own people, even if they were rather cruel to her. So why did Freya choose to show her that? It made no sense, there were too many gaps in the story for Igraine to even speculate. One thing was certain though, there was another Bewilderbeast besides Valka's. Her Alpha would never do something that cruel. Toying with a pencil, Eret suddenly popped into Igraine's head.

Though she was quick to dismiss him as nothing more than an idiotic

nuisance, something in her gut told her there was more to what she was thinking. Call it instinct, but Igraine tried to recall everything Valka had told her about. Who did Eret work for? She had said the name before but it was never brought up again...Drago. Drago Bludvist, that's right. He was building a dragon army and Igraine's instincts told her that army included the Bewilderbeast in her vision. The next step was to find out more about this viking before it happened in real life. Igraine stood, brushing invisible dirt off of her green dress and made her way towards the back where the oldest viking sat alone.

Balder was the village elder though he rarely made decisions. He was a short, thin man with wisps of white hair and wrinkles. The clothes he wore were loose, a brown tunic and black pants with frays at the ends. His eyes, though surrounded by smile lines, were a crisp color of grey that shone with wisdom as it was he who chose whether or not the next chief was worthy of the title. Igraine approached slowly to his table and he looked up at her, moving his crooked staff off of the table out of respect. "Igraine, hello dear." He said, voice old but still bright.

"Hello, Balder. " She bowed her head in respect before sitting across from him. "I was wondering if you could help me with something." He nodded. "Do you know a man by the name Drago Bludvist?"

The reaction was instant. Balder's pale face turned sheet white and his aged hands began to shake. "Where did you come across this name?"

"Chief Stoick's wife knows of him but I've never heard of him." Igraine replied, a pleading, almost desperate look in her eyes.

Balder studied her for a moment, steadyng his hands. "Bludvist was a viking once. One day, all the chiefs had met to discuss the dragon problem plaguing them, including Stoick the Vast as well as your father. He claimed he alone could control the dragons and demanded they bow down to him in exchange for safety. They laughed at him and he stormed off, warning them they would regret their decision. He used dragons to burn down the building. Your father and Stoick were the only ones to survive."

"That explains the brotherly love," Igraine muttered. "Thank you, Balder."

She stood to leave but his voice stopped her. "Igraine, you aren't in any trouble with him, are you?"

"No," Igraine replied, her gaze heavy. "we all are."

She walked back to her table to see her mother sitting in Gunthrum's chair with a plate of food sitting before her and another in front of Igraine's. Frea had seen the whole exchange but hadn't hurt it, something Igraine was grateful for as she took her seat and picked at the leg of mutton. "You spooked the village Elder. That can't be good."

"Nope." That was her mother's way of asking if everything was alright and Igraine answered honestly, knowing her mother wouldn't pry.

They ate breakfast-or lunch, no one knew- in silence. "Have you thought up any new inventions?" Frea asked, obviously struggling for a bonding topic besides their magical abilities.

"Actually, I have." There was a pause before Frea nodded for Igraine to continue you. "You know how we use dragon blubber to be able to swim? Well, I've been thinking about how Sparky can keep his internal temperature the same even if hibernating in ice. I've come to the conclusion that it's their scales and I'm going to see if scales dragons shed can provide the same protection. Maybe I'll even make a suit to go swimming in."

"That's...interesting."

Igraine smiled, "Thanks for trying, mom."

"It's my job." Frea answered with a grin. "Oh, and as soon as the storm breaks, I'm going to start setting up for your party."

She groaned and nearly smacked her head on a pile of trout. On top of an impending war that would be all her fault, she had to parade around at some stupid party in a few days. Will she ever get a break? Igraine smiled to herself even if she was annoyed, knowing that if none of this was happening, she'd still be that timid girl Hiccup had first met nearly a year ago. It seemed like ages ago that she was staring up at a furious Monstrous Nightmare. Just like everyone around her seemed to have done, Igraine had changed from scrawny nobody to confident seior with a knack for fighting she never knew she had. Recalling all the raids against the dragon trappers, it seemed surreal how easily the tactics and skills needed to be a viking came to her.

No, she wasn't a viking. She never has been, the name didn't seem to fit. Igraine was a dragon tamer. Hiding her cheek splitting grin by taking another bite of food, she felt content in her new place in life, finally feeling as if she belonged. She wondered if this was how Hiccup felt, too, and her smile only became harder to conceal.

23. Chapter 23

Hiccup bolted from the forge with Toothless, grumbling under his breath about his father. Seamlessly, the two friends moved as one and were soon flying high in the blue sky, away from Berk. He needed to get away, the claustrophobic feeling overwhelming him. It made him want to rip his hair out. Why couldn't his father understand he didn't want to be stuck on the island, Hiccup wanted to roam, to discover what was out there! "Ugh, it's like he doesn't listen anymore." The growing viking growled to himself and Toothless.

Toothless grunted in response as Hiccup laid back and looked at the sky, trying to let it fade from his mind. But it wouldn't and meanwhile, his dragon took him to the one place he needed to be at that moment. Toothless shook his body mid-flight to alert Hiccup they were landing. Hiccup sat up and adjusted himself, eyebrows bunching together when he spotted the familiar woodland landscape of Arbor Island and wondered why they were here. They flew down to the uninhabited bank of the island to see a gang of teenagers around his

age, all circling around his beloved Igraine. Upon closer inspection, these vikings looked vicious and all armed with some sort of weapon; very different from the vikings on Berk.

His girlfriend was in a defensive position with no weapons and a panicked expression on her face. "C'mon, Toothless, Igraine needs our help." He leaned down and patted the slender dragon's neck as they dove down towards the group, Toothless grabbing the startled Igraine by her shoulders and flying back up into the air. "Did ya get her?"

Toothless looked down and purred, signalling Igraine was alright. "Hiccup? What on earth are you doing here?" Igraine called up as she hooked her foot on Toothless's back paw and waited for him to glide so she could use his wing to swing her leg over his body. Soon she was behind Hiccup and wrapping her arms tightly around him in greeting. "Not that I mind, I was actually going to fly by tomorrow."

"Wanted to see you." Hiccup grinned at her over his shoulder and received a quick peck from the smiling girl. "What was going on down there? You aren't hurt are you?"

"Huh?" Igraine gave him a confused look while they circled her home and then laughed, the sound making him smile despite his own confusion. "Oh, that! No, I'm not hurt at all, we were just playing a game."

"In what world does brandishing a polished ax at you count as a game?"

"You've gotta remember, us Hanoks aren't as advanced as your people. We're still mean and tough."

"Now that's not what I-"

"Hiccup," Igraine stopped him softly, a smirk gracing her features. "I know. I was only teasing. But it was a game. Capture the flag to be exact." She dug in her leather waist corset and pulled out a deep purple flag with their crest crudely painted on. "If you let me down at the square, I'll win."

"Of course, milady." Hiccup grinned at her before steering Toothless towards the bustling town. It seemed everyone in Arbor was doing some sort of job in preparation for the party. Banners in all sorts of colors were being hung, dragon-like art being painted on walls or doors. Hiccup even spotted the elegant Frea in the midst, correcting and directing all the busy vikings.

She looked up at the wind billowing about as the landed and looked bewildered. "Hiccup, Toothless..And my daughter. "

"Hey, mom." Hiccup dismounted Toothless and then helped Igraine down, smirking as she brandished the flag at the group of teenagers. "Hey, losers."

"That's cheating!" A red head accused, throwing her ax to the ground. She was as vicious as a Monstrous Nightmare but she wasn't ugly, just lacked a bit in the feminine department. Another tall girl with black hair pouted next to the short haired viking.

"I oughta!" started a thick and brooding male with a spear. He reminded Hiccup a bit of Spitlout, Snotlout's dad, just with dirty blond hair.

"Oughta what?" Hiccup countered with a protective edge to his voice though his raised eyebrows signaled playful banter.

"Don't mind Grim." the smallest male there waved him off. It was obvious those two were brothers by their blonde hair but that's where the similarities ended. "Though you did cheat, Iggy."

"Don't call me that!" Igraine snapped.

Hiccup couldn't help but crack a grin. "Iggy? What kind of nickname is that?"

"Well, what kind of name is Hiccup?" Igraine countered hotly, rounding her glare upon him.

The black haired girl let out a tiny gasp and squealed, "That's Hiccup? Oh, he is as cute as you say!"

Igraine's evil look silenced her and she pinned them all down with her eyes. "Hiccup, this is Dotta. That's Grim, as you know, his brother Ludin, Skuld, and Bog. Guys, this is my boyfriend Hiccup. Now, let's go."

She dragged Hiccup away from the scowling teens to Toothless who shared Hiccup's bemused look. Waving for him to hurry up, they both climbed on the black dragon and took off, scattering a few loose banners in the process. "You okay?" He asked. It wasn't like Igraine to get this upset.

"Yeah, I'm fine." Igraine sighed, resting her chin on Hiccup's shoulder as the wind gently blew past them. "Just..."

"It can get stressful." He said. They both relaxed there, letting the wind take away anything bothering them until Hiccup broke the silence. "I actually came here today to talk to you about something."

"Oh, great, that's the best thing to start a conversation with when it's your girlfriend." She teased.

"I know, but I just gotta tell ya. My heart belongs to another." Theatrically clutching his heart, Hiccup continued with seriousness. "From the moment I saw her, I can't stop thinking about her. The manly way she throws her ax on the ground."

Igraine's laugh crumbled Hiccup's charade and soon both their shoulders were shaking. "Oh, you two timing player!" She jabbed him in the side and Hiccup pretended to be hurt. "Okay, okay." Once they had caught their breath, Igraine relaxed against him again. "So, what was it you needed to talk about, love?"

"Love?" Hiccup smirked though he enjoyed the sound of her voice calling him that. It was nice. "My dad keeps-"

"Pressuring you about becoming chief of Berk?" Igraine interrupted

knowingly. "Same here except it's my mom. 'You have to think of Arbor now, you're nearly a grown woman and there's no chief to take care of your people!'" She mocked, adopted a high and mighty voice like her mother's.

"Not a bad impression, but dad's worse. 'Hiccup, yer the pride and joy of Berk. It's time you settle down and stop running on tha' dragon of yers. Berk needs a strong chief, son. Yer mother and I aren't getting any younger.'"

"Okay, you're impression was way better than mine." Igraine smiled before sighing. "What are we gunna do?"

"I don't want to become chief, I don't even know who I am." Hiccup admitted.

His girlfriend was silent for a moment before placing a hand over Hiccup's heart from her spot behind him. "I do. What you're searching for is already there, Hiccup."

"If I become chief and you become...chiefess? We'll never see each other." He stubbornly pointed out.

"I know." Silence fell between them as each caught up in their thoughts. They remained like that as Toothless flew calmly wherever Hiccup steered him. "Where are we going?"

"A place where I say no talk about villages or chiefs commence." A small, foggy island grew in size upon their approach. "I present to you-named by Toothless, mind you- Itchy Armpit."

**Author's Note: Hey guys, sorry for the late update. Had this entire chapter typed out and one wrong paw from my cat on the keyboard erased it all. I was really bummed so I put it off. Anyway, I'm back now and I hope you enjoyed! Next chapter's gunna be entertaining or I should just throw it all away. Just kidding! (though I do hope you find it amusing) Thanks for the reviews and favs and follows! Welcome back, Berry!~Alizarin. **

24. Chapter 24

Today was the day, Igraine thought nervously as she wiped her hands on her nightgown. She didn't understand why she was so shaky just getting dressed, didn't understand why today scared her so much. Here was a girl who could face a boat full of armed vikings without so much a bead of sweat yet the thought of getting engaged terrified her. It was odd. With a sigh, she shook the thoughts out of her head and looked at the outfit her mother helped her pick out. It was a new dress but similar to her others; a deep purple with one bell sleeve and a flowing skirt ending just above her knees, unlike the clinging design of her other outfits. She added a few personal touches, such as black dragon scale tights, her leather arm bracer painted with electric blue lightning bolts, and her waist corset. Last night, her mother had braided her hair and told her to leave it braided for the party but she hated it; the braids made her feel restricted, caged.

With another deep sigh, Igraine walked out of her room and into the den to find her mother already gone and her dad waiting for her by

the fireplace. "Dad?" Igraine asked quietly.

Gunthrum turned to his daughter and he smiled, eyes softening. "Oh, look at you. My little girl all grown up."

"Dad, I'm not all grown up. I haven't changed." She persisted.

"Go look in the mirror." He told her with a knowing look in his eyes.

With her eyebrows raised, Igraine did as she was told and stood in front of the mirror in the den. Her eyes widened; how long had it been since she saw herself? Nearly a year and the changes were evident. Though she was still short and skinny, her body had turned from a twig to something slender and graceful and she had filled out proportionately. The baby fat in her cheeks had thinned out, giving her features a sharp, almost regal quality like her mother's, and there was a layer of muscle under her porcelain skin that was never there before. "Wow."

"All grown up, and thank Odin you took after yer mother." Gunthrum teased, turning Igraine around and enveloping her in a warm hug. She returned the hug tightly, not wanting today to happen. There was something so gut-wrenching about knowing that her childhood was over and she was expected to shoulder these responsibilities she wasn't even prepared for. "Hey, hey, chin up. Everything's okay." Gunthrum said as his daughter's shoulders began to shake.

"What happens? After all of this?" Igraine asked, worry evident in her tone.

Gunthrum gave a sigh and stepped back, kneeling down to Igraine's level. "Yer mother and I wish it was any other way, but yer the daughter of a chief. Once yer engaged, you go to live with him. Arbor will go to him."

"Why?" Igraine demanded, suddenly outraged. "I can handle a position of authority as well as any boy."

"I know, Igraine, I know. But that's how it's always been here."

"Well, I'm sick of it." She walked around her dad and called to Sparky with her mind as she stood on the edge of the mountain ledge. Spotting a dark figure in the clouds, Igraine jumped and let gravity pull her towards earth at a startling speed. The wind whipped viciously at her, tugging her hair out of its intricate braid. She plummeted head first for a few seconds before willing her body to straighten out, finding peace in the adrenaline pumping through her veins. With a hard yank, Sparky's feet clamped around her shoulders and soon she was no longer falling.

The pair gently glided away from Arbor and Igraine watched the village fade underneath her boot clad feet before beginning to climb on Sparky's back. His comforting presence tingled in the back of her mind, urging her to unwind the tension tightening her stance, and she sent back all of her frustrations, her fear of what will happen.

"There's so much unknown to me, Sparks. What if I don't win? I'll have to give up my home, and who knows what else. I hate it, I hate not being in control!" She yelled out to the empty sky.

Sparky whined in response and she felt enveloped in the sisterly love he held for her. A gentle smile found its way on her face while images flashed in her mind from Sparky's perspective. It was her living with the dragons, flying with the dragons, being one with the dragons. That was where she belonged, even Sparky knew it, and that was where she yearned to be. But she had a duty to respect her parents, much like dragons-and she-answered to the alpha, though hers was more out of choice than the dragons. Sparky hummed in understanding, his wings carrying them higher into the brilliant blue sky. "I have no choice."

More images flashed before her closed eyes as wind gently wafted past her face. These were choppy but the point was clear. Sparky was showing her flying above Cedar Isle with a victorious glint in her eye as she held the flag up. Igraine didn't have a choice, but she did have an escape plan and Sparky wasn't going to let that fail. Love burned through her, leaving a warm glow in her chest. She sat down on the saddle and wrapped her arms around his neck, sending that love to him, earning a purr.

"C'mon, let's have some fun!" Igraine exclaimed with enthusiasm and soon her and Sparky had traveled farther and faster than they had before.

Author's Note: Sorry it's a short chapter, but I felt it should end there. What do you guys think? This was a bit difficult because I tried expressing how I react when I feel trapped and it's usually off the wall. Oh, and don't hate Frea, it isn't her fault that that's the rules. In fact, I know you'll love both her parents by the next three chapters (and then hate me by five or six more). Hope y'all have a great day!~Alizarin.

25. Chapter 25

"So, you competing?" Astrid asked Hiccup casually as they walked toward the docks around noon. They were flying there but had to see off most of the village as they preferred boat.

"Why wouldn't I?" He countered with an easy smile despite the nerves slowly appearing in the pit of his stomach.

"It's just so unfair that her parents are making her go through with this."

"Yeah, I know, but it's tradition." This conversation wasn't one Hiccup was enjoying and he made that point by giving her a look. "There's no way around it and I wouldn't mind winning." He added truthfully.

Astrid gave him a knowing smirk, beyond her jealousy to realize Hiccup truly cared about that girl, and turned her attention to the ship as they sailed off, waving. "Is your dad on the boat?"

Hiccup nodded while his friends flew above them on their dragons, "Yupp, he thought it best if we didn't bring a bunch of dragons with other tribes coming."

"Smart." She commented. They both mounted their dragons and she

caught up with Snotlout and the others, leaving Hiccup alone with his thoughts.

Astrid did bring up a very good point; it was unfair and Hiccup couldn't think of any reason why her parents would make her go through with this. It didn't seem like something Gunthrum would do, let alone Frea. There must be something they aren't telling anyone, Hiccup decided as Toothless landed on the coast of Arbor Island. He dismounted and the pair of friends walked towards the village center to see Frea greeting Stoick and Valka. "Oh, Hiccup, I'm so glad you could make it." She smiled and gave him a small hug; a big act for the usually withdrawn woman.

"Wouldn't miss it for the world." Hiccup grinned while Toothless let out a dragony snicker. "Oh, shut up, baby boo. Where's Igraine?"

Frea's face took on a sour expression. "Flying about on that dragon of hers. Even though four tribes have already arrived."

"I'll go find her." Hiccup offered enthusiastically and began readying for departure when the sky above them darkened drastically.

Vikings all around murmured to each other as they looked up at the menacing clouds blocking out the sunlight, giving the impression of an oncoming storm. Apprehension filled Hiccup as the air turned humid and it was as if the entire atmosphere was waiting with baited breath for something to happen. Then, all at once, the sky split open in a bright white flash and a vicious roar thundered, sending the vikings into a scramble for their weapons; even Hiccup took on a defensive stance with Toothless looking up at the sky inquisitively. Another sharp bolt of lightning lit up the sky but there was a dark silhouette within, diving down towards the village square. With a snap of air, the menacing looking dragon unfurled it's wings, the wind catching and slowing it's descent until the Skrill landed gracefully, kneeling to allow it's rider to hop off.

Hiccup's breath caught in his throat and it felt as if his stomach had dropped. There Igraine stood, alight with a wild, untamed energy that made her eyes glow with life. Her hair was a tangled mess of loose curls around her and she had this windblown look, her dress clinging to her skin. Her grin made Hiccup's heart skip a bit and he couldn't help but return it when her blue eyes met his and applause slowly began until becoming a thundering roar. Sparky stood tall and proud next to her as she bowed, "Welcome to Arbor!"

"She's a prize." Hiccup overheard someone behind him say and he glanced to see a gruff brunette man whispering to his son. There was a scar over his eye but the other glinted with greed, something Hiccup didn't like at all. "A fighter, but she just might be worth the trouble."

Turning his attention from something that didn't spark his anger, Hiccup turned back to his rather beautiful girlfriend to see her greeting new people with ease and a sort of aloof charm. Someone rested a hand on his shoulder and he turned to come face to face with Frea, a small smile on her face. "That's Asvald and his son, Finn. Our tribes have had a very unstable peace treaty and this might just fix the tension between us. Or not." She gave him a long look and

Hiccup understood; if he took over, Hanok would suffer. "Good luck in the competition, dear."

She began to walk away but Hiccup stopped her. "Why are you making Igraine do this?"

"She needs to make herself known, earn respect. And it was the only way to get her to do just that." Frea explained, still giving off that feeling that she wasn't telling everything she knew. But Hiccup let her go back to her guests and turned to find his parents.

Stoick was laughing at someone in front of him that Hiccup couldn't see. Valka was by his side and waved her son over, smiling a little easier than when they had first docked. People still weren't her strong suit, especially a crowd as big as the bustling one on Arbor. Giving her an encouraging grin, Hiccup joined his parents and was pleasantly surprised to see Igraine with a smile lighting her face. "Hiccup!" She cheered, giving him a tight hug.

"Hey, dragon princess." He teased, earning a playful jab in the side. "Nice entrance."

"Why thank you, my chivalrous knight. I'm glad you came."

"Igraine, it's time to start the festivities."

"Hm?" She looked toward her mother, her happiness slipping a bit before a determined look hardened her features. "Right. Excuse me, Hiccup."

He watched with his parents as she strode towards the pyre and stood on the edge, surprisingly close to the flames. Igraine tried yelling over the animated talking but her voice couldn't carry and she rolled her eyes, nodding towards Toothless. Toothless grinned at her and let out his roar, successfully silencing the crowd. "Thank you, Toothless. It's time for the competition for my hand in marriage. The game is simple; capture the flag. The flag is hidden somewhere on Cedar Isle and must be returned to my father on his boat to win. Anything goes as long as it leaves no permanent scarring, broken bones, or killing. I'd wish you all good luck, but I'm going to win anyway so there wouldn't be a point."

Her statement received a cluster of shocked outbursts and even a few cries of protest which she ignored as she hopped down and headed to the docks, her shoulders relaxed when she sent Hiccup a wink. He couldn't help but smirk, pride obvious as he watched her stand on Sparky's back, and he mounted Toothless and shot into the air at the same time as her and the Skrill. This was certainly going to be an interesting game.

26. Chapter 26

Author's Note: I recommend creating a Celtic or Scottish Traditional Radio on Pandora and listen to it while reading the party chapters. Makes the experience that much cooler.

The contestants all stood in a line on the coast of Cedar Isle and Igraine barely registered them; they were just faces to her. Though it did come as a bit of a surprise to see Grim in the line. Hiccup

stood beside her, looking as strong as ever and she almost felt bad for getting ready to leave him in the dust. Almost. In the back of her mind, she felt ever dragon's support and glee at seeing her standing up for herself and it only added to her determination. Her father stood off to the side, a pained look hidden in his eyes as he readied to blow the blast horn to signal the start of the game.

Igraine knew she would win at any cost and to do that, she had to use every one of her advantage. Reaching out to the part of her brain that felt the dragons, she picked out the one that seemed to be the loudest and a tingle went down her spine as her and Sparky's minds melded. She sent him her plan and he agreed, readying himself on the boat a few miles out. The horn blew and the others ran into the woods, leaving Hiccup and her on the coast to smirk at each other. "Not going to join in the hunt?"

"Nope. You?" He countered, arms folded.

"Thought I'd take an aerial view." Lifting her hand in the air, Sparky swooped down and carried her up into the sky, giving her a full view of the woodland isle. They circled around, both looking beyond the tall cedar trees for any sign of the purple flag or the contestants.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Toothless and Hiccup soaring around the isle as well before diving in between the trees and not resurfacing. Focus, Igraine, focus. Breathing deep and steady, Igraine closed her eyes and reached inside until she felt this energy, this fire within her. Harnessing it, she opened her eyes and everything seemed to snap into clarity; she could see further away, hear complete conversations from the boat, smell each scent in the wind. This was her true potential, this was the dragon spirit that was laying dormant within her.

Sparky purred as Igraine caught sight of a scrap of fabric in the palm of a jogging Grim through the woods. Taking his cue, Sparky flew close to a tree and Igraine hopped off, climbing carefully yet swiftly down, her movements confident. Choosing to perch on one of the last branches of the tree, she waited with an overabundance of energy for Grim to run past and she jumped, landing successfully on her feet in front of him. He eyed her warily but she could see the warrior glint in his eyes while she widened her stance. Without giving him a chance to act, Igraine charged at him, giving the appearance of going for an uppercut. The bulky viking moved to guard his face, leaving the flag in his palm, now at a better grasping height.

At the last minute, Igraine ducked under his arms and simultaneously yanked the flag out of his hand. She ran up the trunk of a tree until she could reach a branch and climb back up, much like a squirrel. At the top branch where half her body broke free of the greenery, she held up her arm that was clutching the rough flag for Sparky to pick her up.

"I'll take that." Hiccup called as Toothless swooped so close, his paws grazed the trees, and Hiccup snatched the flag from her grasp.

"Hiccup!" Igraine called out angrily before Sparky lifted her up from

the tree and she climbed on to his back. "Okay, fly behind him and a bit above, Sparks."

The Skrill did so, finding it easy to keep up with the Night Fury as he sped towards the Hanok boat. Igraine watched the distance and spared a glance back to see a shocking sight. Finn, a viking from another tribe, was riding a Timberback, a dragon that resembles a Typhoonmarang without legs and the head of a Monstrous Nightmare in a orange and brown color. One of the Sharp Class, the dragon had viciously sharp wings and shot fiery embers, which this dragon was getting ready to do, Igraine realized with a start.

"Hiccup, scatter!"

She pulled up after making sure Hiccup had dove down towards the ocean and felt the heat from the fire as it flew past her. Finn's gruff face hardened when Hiccup brought Toothless back up and towards Igraine and Sparky to make sure they were okay and sped towards them. Igraine met Hiccup's gaze and noticed they were lit up with inspiration. He nodded towards the ocean and suddenly Igraine understood what he was going to do. Wild goose chase. With a grin, she nodded and Toothless dived below Finn and his Timberjack followed by Sparky a few feet away and Finn took the bait, sending the Timberjack down head first. Based on the size of the Timberjack and the inexperience of the rider, he wouldn't be able to pull the dragon up and would crash into the ocean, leaving the game to Hiccup and Igraine.

They neared the water and Hiccup pulled Toothless out and straight across the ocean followed skillfully by Sparky who even tucked in his wings and did a twirl. Once her dragon had straightened up, she and Hiccup both looked back to see Finn flying toward them. He had done it! But his tribe wasn't dragon riders, how did he know how to ride one? Sharing a glance, Igraine and Hiccup took back to the skies and played cat and mouse for some time until Igraine got a flash of brilliance. Turning sharply, Igraine and Sparky hovered in front of the Timberjack whom stopped a few yards away from them, the rider wearing a cautious look of confusion.

"Thanks for playing." Igraine smirked before Sparky opened his mouth and glowed white-blue with lightning. Finn's eyes went wide as he faced his doom but what he didn't know was Igraine had sent a message to every dragon nearby. Behind Finn and the Timberjack, Hookfang, Bark and Belch, Meatlug, and Stormfly flew steadily, waiting for their cue. Sparky let loose his lightning but instead of firing it, he sent it crackling across his scaly skin and tingling over Igraine's body while the other dragons ambushed them, forcing them down towards the ocean in a splash.

Filled with newfound purpose, Igraine steered Sparky back towards Toothless and Hiccup who both looked startled. Shaking his head, Hiccup said something to Toothless and soon they were off with Night Fury speed towards the white clouds. "Come and get it!"

Aided by the lightning energizing them, they bolted towards the enemy and quickly caught up, plans passing seamlessly between rider and dragon. The pair chose one and flew close to Toothless's tail above him while Igraine climbed to the edge of Sparky's snout and jumped, landing shakily on Toothless's back. The dragon let out a startled growl and looked back along with Hiccup but Igraine was already in

action, running along the dragon's back and tugging on the flag attached to Hiccup's belt. When it wouldn't come off easily, he smirked at her.

"Sorry about this." Igraine gave him a quick peck, untying the knot and pushing him over. She watched him flail in the air for a bit while adjusting the mechanism on Toothless's saddle and leveled them out despite Toothless trying to save Hiccup.

A glance back showed he didn't need to. Hiccup had landed on Sparky and was riding the Skrill with a grin on his face. "Gunna have to try harder than that!"

"C'mon." She urged Toothless back down below the cloud line and toward the boat only to pull back when Sparky appeared in front of them. For a tense second, their gazes were locked as they both tried to come up with a plan to win. Glancing down, Igraine noticed they were right below her father's boat where her friends and parents were cheering loudly. She smirked and released Toothless's gliding back fin mechanism before jumping off, letting the wind whip past her while she spread her arms out, the flag snapping against her fist.

"Igraine!" Hiccup yelled but she couldn't see what he was doing, the boat was coming up fast. She called for Sparky but only got a stubborn no in response, making her panic before a strong arm wrapped around her waist and her descent slowed until Hiccup twisted them at the last moment, putting Igraine on top and taking the blunt of the impact while they collided with the deck of the boat, the flag falling just a few feet away. Careful about her movements, she eased her weight off Hiccup who had a pained look on his face.

"How...?"

"The dragon suit we designed." He cringed before giving her a smirk.

"Amazing," She muttered, trailing her fingertips over the fabricated wings stretching from his leather armor to his arms while she gazed into his hazel eyes. "Thank you."

"My pleasure."

"Igraine! Hiccup! Are ye both okay?"

"Best engagement ever!"

"Wait, who won?"

"Isn't it obvious, Ruffnut? Hiccup!"

"But Igraine had the flag!"

"Who cares, did you see all that lightning?"

"Everyone stop crowding around them! Give 'em room!"

Author's Note: So, who won?

Once the pair was on Arbor Island, they were ushered off to the side while the party waited inside the large Meade Hall nestled into the mountain. Frea, Gunthrum, Valka, and Stoick all looked at Hiccup and Igraine expectantly while the teenagers merely looked at each other in confusion, the flag limp in Hiccup's hand. "Well? Who won? " Valka asked with a smile and Stoick was grinning beside her.

"Uh," Igraine looked towards Hiccup before fixing her gaze on her shoes, expecting him to claim the win since the flag was in his hand. After a brief pause, she felt him move her hand palm up and close her fingers around the rough fabric, giving her the flag. Their gazes met and Igraine flooded with warmth at the honest look in Hiccup's eyes. He wanted her to choose, to do what she wanted to do.

But what did she want to do? According to her parents, being engaged meant leaving her life to live one with her betrothed and while she wouldn't mind living on Berk where the people, though vikings, were a bit more relaxed than the rambunctious ones here, this was her home. It wasn't necessarily where she belongs, just not a place she wanted to give up just yet. She wouldn't have to with Hiccup, though. Hiccup wouldn't force her to do anything she didn't want to, and her him. He understood that some things just can't be caged and they were both creatures of freedom. And though she wouldn't admit it aloud, Igraine truly cared for him, maybe even loved him. That made her decision so much easier.

With a grin, she silently tied the flag to Hiccup's belt, turned on her heel, and headed towards the Meade Hall with a lively step matching the rhythmic music being played. "Wait...Does that mean Hiccup won?" She heard Frea ask.

"Nope, it means we tied." Hiccup answered, jogging to catch up with his former girlfriend, now fiancee. They laced hands upon entering the hall and received applause.

Despite her confusion, her mother never missed a bit and hurried the rest of the parents behind the kids, announcing proudly, "I present to you, Hiccup Haddock and Igraine the Cold, newly betrothed."

Mugs banged on table tops, cheers rang out, and Igraine felt at home in the happy chaos as the music started back up. A few vikings came up to congratulate them, most from his or her tribe, and they shared a grin, Hiccup's eyes softening with an emotion that made Igraine's stomach do a weird flip. But the couple didn't get much time to themselves as Igraine was swept away by her friends to dance and had no choice but to leave Hiccup by himself. She sent him an apologetic glance while she was pushed into a circle of side skipping girls, their feet moving in a rhythmic stomp and their hands clasped. Around them, the music began matching their stumps and Igraine found herself lost in the beat, her laughter drowned out by the noise.

Hiccup watched her with only the slightest twinge of loneliness and a toothy grin at the edge of the Meade Hall while his parents went to mingle. Astrid slyly slid up next to him on the wall, "So...How do you feel?"

"Happy." He answered simply. "And a bit terrified."

"Of what?"

"What happens next. But," Hiccup's grin vanished, replaced by something gentle. "I could care less." As long as they flew together, he didn't care where the wind took them.

"I'm glad." He gave her a side glance to judge how serious she was to find Astrid had an earnest look to her eyes.

"...What changed?"

"Not sure actually." She was dodging the question but her gaze gave her away. Snotlout was arm wrestling Grim at a table and sent her a wink. Astrid rolled her eyes though her cheeks took on a very slight pink tone. "Why aren't you dancing with her?"

The question caught him off guard but he shrugged, "Didn't think I'd be light on my foot." He joked, purposely glancing down at his prosthetic.

"Well, better tell her that." Astrid disappeared and a flushed Igraine took her place.

"Hiccup!" She cheered happily, taking his hand. "Sorry 'bout that."

"It's fine, looks like you had fun." He tucked a wave of hair behind her ear.

Her mouth opened as she started to reply but stopped, cocking her head to the side like Toothless and other dragons have. "Stay here." She told him after a tense moment before hurrying outside the Meade Hall.

Igraine felt uneasy, almost panicky, as a tugging feeling pulled at the base of her brain. Something was wrong and every dragon outside was as antsy as her. Upon walking out of the Meade Hall, she realized why with a splash of cold water poured on her back; Eret's ship was docked at the bank. Fly, she told the dragons and heard the flap of wings as they took high to the sky for safety and she jogged to the boat, wasting no time to step foot on deck. Muscular Eret leaned against the mast with a smirk on his face while the other vikings milled about, sending her antsy looks. "Eret."

"Easy, chick, we're only here to deliver something."

"And what would that be?" Hiccup demanded as he stepped beside Igraine who sent him a glare. Of course he wouldn't do as she told, but then again that's one of the things she loved.

"Just an engagement gift for the lass from Drago." Eret motioned to two lackeys and they brought out a small wooden trunk. "Go ahead, open it."

Igraine knelt down while Hiccup watched the men, ready to attack. She carefully undid the latch and pushed up the lid to reveal a small hill of shimmering black scales and an envelope. A stone seemed to have lodged itself in her stomach as she realized what dragon this scales came from and stood, eyes burning with rage. "Where is the dragon? Set him free."

"Sorry, that was all we were given. Now scoot along, I have dragons to catch."

"Why would we let you go?" Hiccup pointed out, hand clenching tightly around some sort of pewter and silver cylinder that Igraine had never seen before.

"Because if you don't, that dragon there will die."

With a heavy heart, Igraine closed the lid and lifted the chest.

"C'mon, Hiccup. We have to let them go."

Hiccup frowned but helped her put the chest on the dock and climbed out of the boat, waiting for her to join. She turned one last time, her fury nearly crackling in the air around her. "If one scale on that dragon is harmed, I will make sure you all burn." Igraine swiftly jumped on to the deck and watched the boat fade into the coast line.

"What dragon are those scales from?" Hiccup asked and Igraine didn't want to answer him, but she had the feeling she would have to. That storm she felt coming was finally getting ready to hit.

MUST READ: I WILL BE REVISING THIS INTO A NEW STORY. SAME CHARACTERS BUT I'M HOPING BETTER DEVELOPED. STAY TUNED~!

End
file.